

HYDROGEN
BOMB

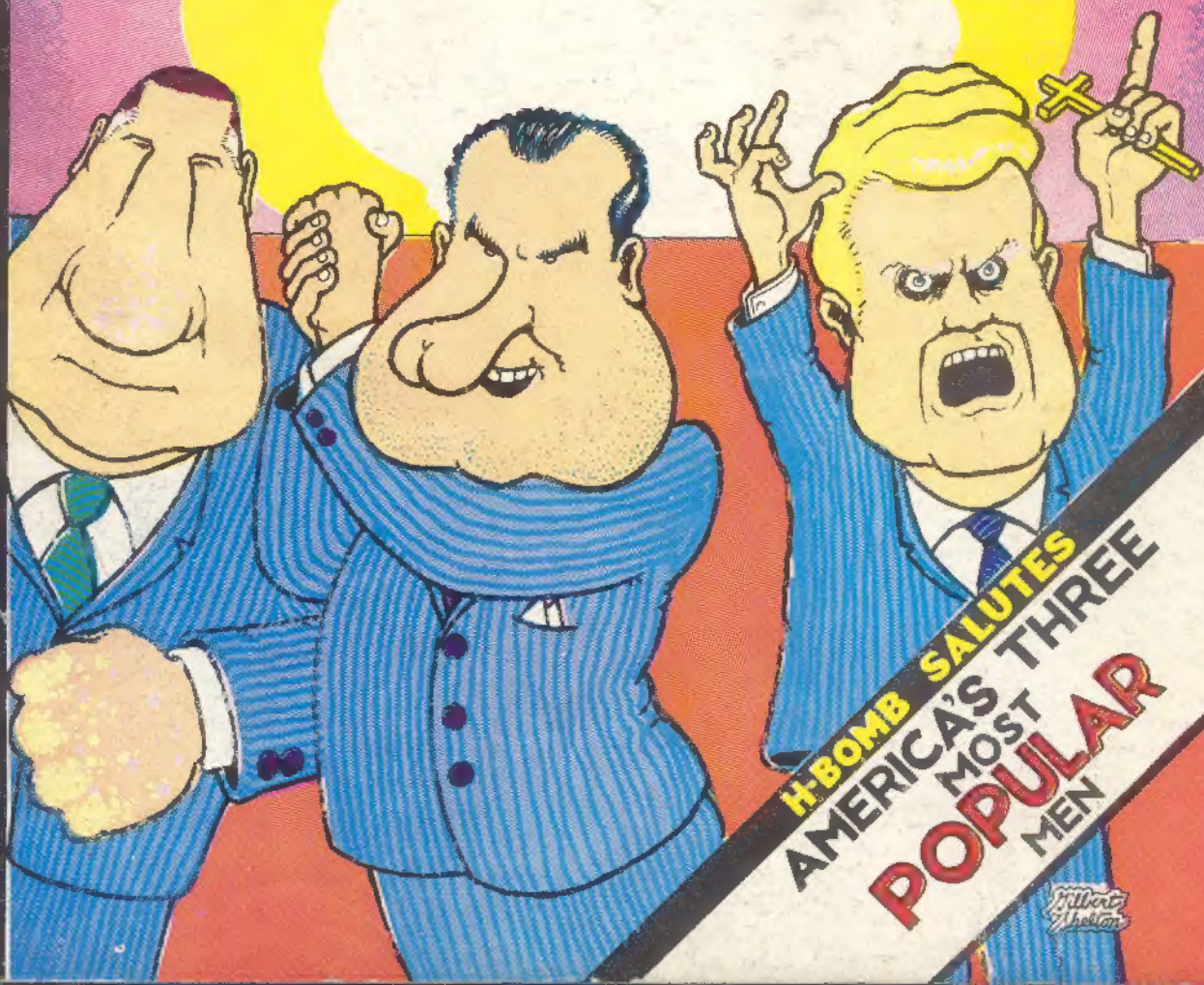
RATED X-
BY THE FURITAN FASCISTS

No. 1

**RATED
X-
BY THE
PURITAN
FASCISTS**

No 1
\$1.00
ADULTS ONLY

and biochemical warfare
FUNNIES



H-BOMB SALUTES
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MEN
Gilbert Shelton

Gilbert Shelton

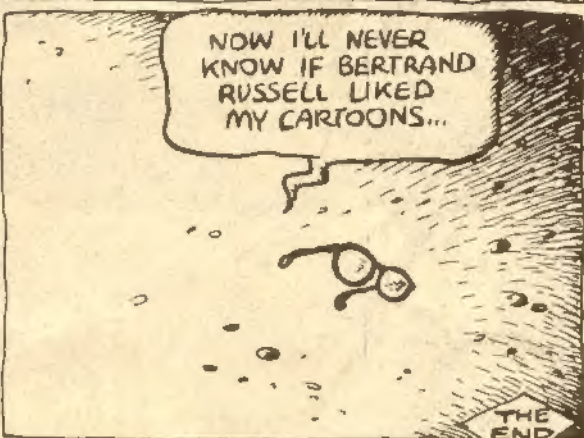
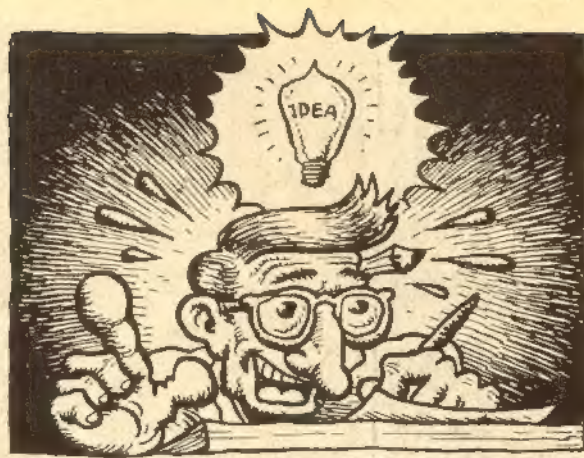
HYDROGEN BOMB



GILBERT SHELTON

& BIOCHEMICAL WARFARE FUNNIES

Mr. Sketchum



THE END

WONDER WARTHOG

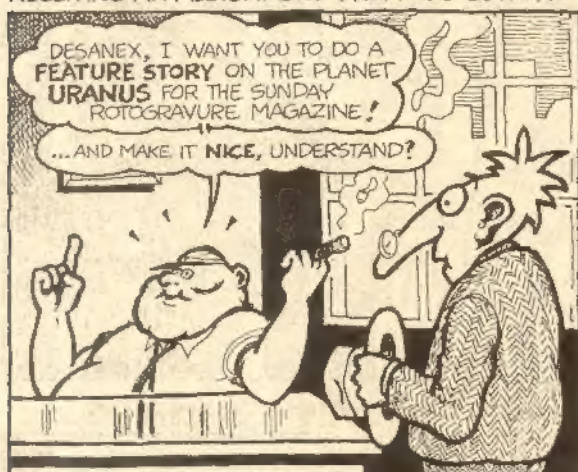
AND THE
INVASION
OF THE

PIGS FROM
URANUS!



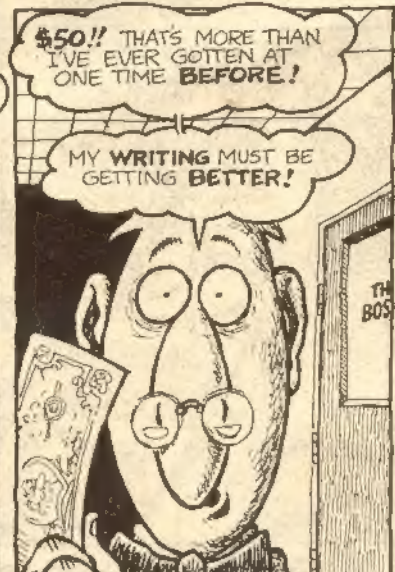
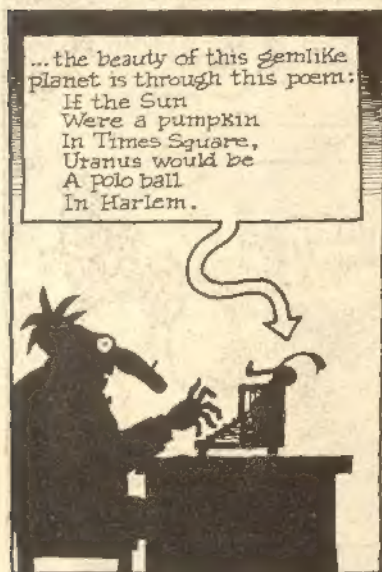
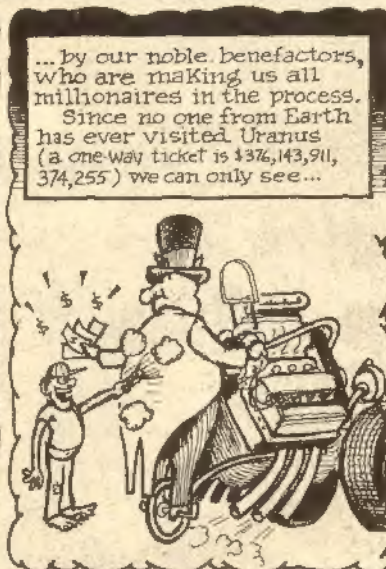
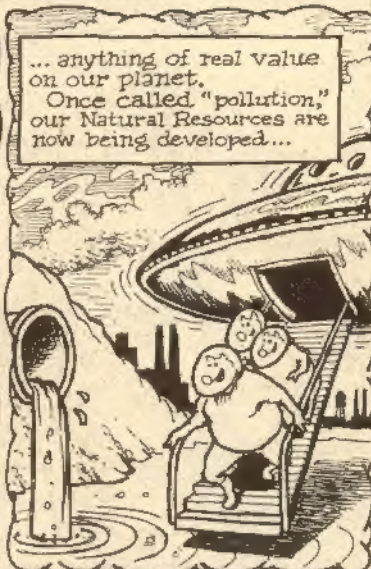
THE YEAR IS 1975, AND "ADVISORS" FROM THE HIGHLY ADVANCED PLANET URANUS ARE ARRIVING TO GUIDE THE BACKWARD EARTHLINGS AWAY FROM THE EVILS OF "CONSERVATION"...

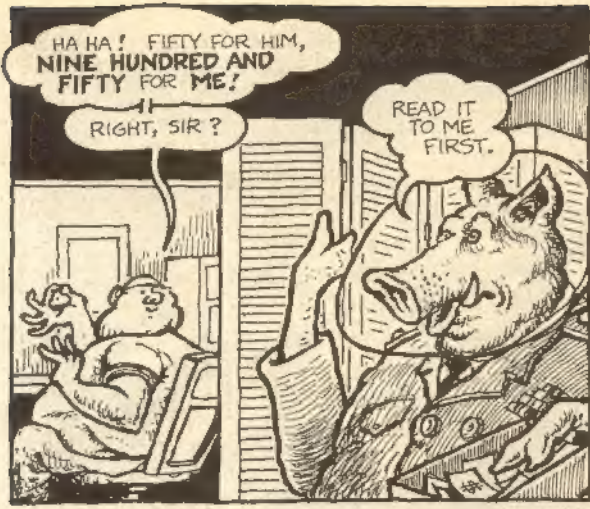
IN THE OFFICES OF THE MUTHALODE MORNING MUNGPLANET, ACE REPORTER PHILBERT DESANEX (WHO IS IN REALITY **WONDER WART-HOG**) IS RECEIVING AN ASSIGNMENT FROM THE EDITOR:



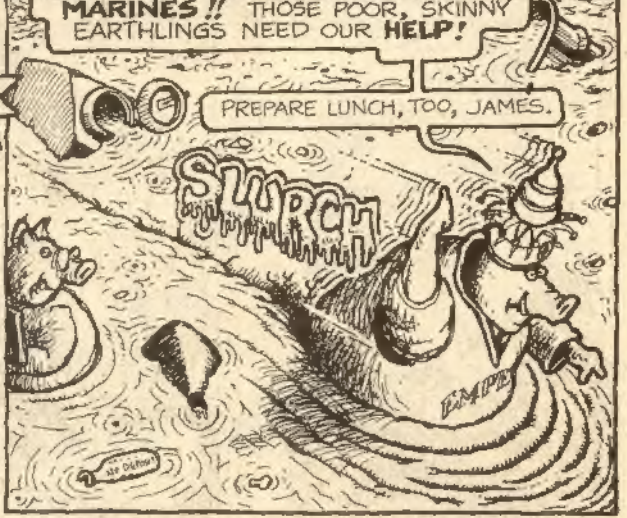
OUR FRIEND URANUS

Our generous and benevolent ally Uranus, with its five beautiful moons, is indeed the very place once called "Heaven" in ancient religions. Its inhabitants are a large, beautiful, and immensely wealthy race...



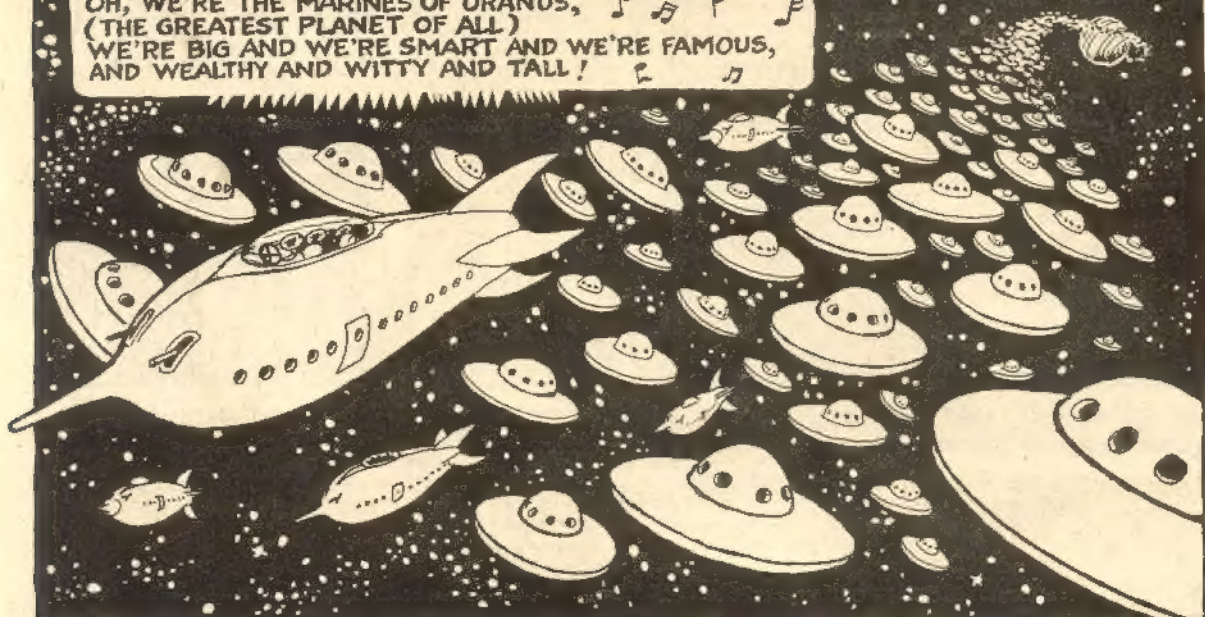


MEANWHILE, ON URANUS, THE EMPEROR RECEIVES A BRIEFING...

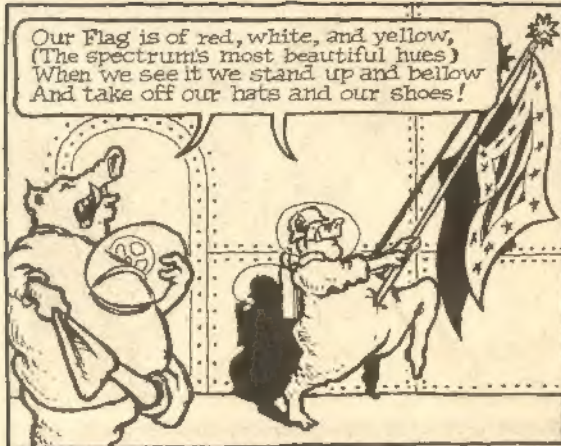


THE URANIAN LEGIONS ARE DISPATCHED, SINGING, TO EARTH

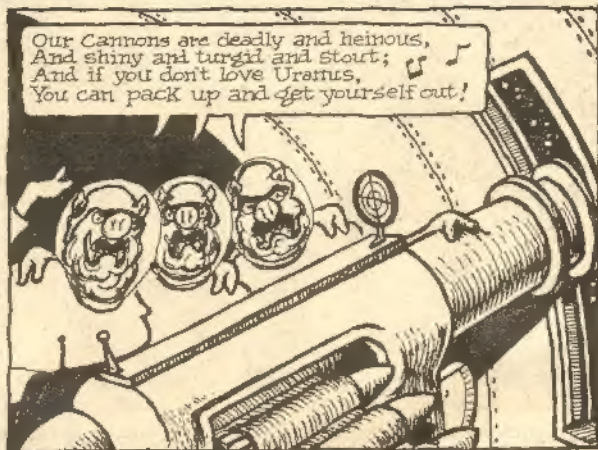
OH, WE'RE THE MARINES OF URANUS,
(THE GREATEST PLANET OF ALL)
WE'RE BIG AND WE'RE SMART AND WE'RE FAMOUS,
AND WEALTHY AND WITTY AND TALL!



Our Flag is of red, white, and yellow,
(The spectrum's most beautiful hues)
When we see it we stand up and bellow
And take off our hats and our shoes!



Our Cannons are deadly and heinous,
And shiny and turgid and stout;
And if you don't love Uranus,
You can pack up and get yourself out!



REJOICE, EARTHLINGS! WE HAVE ARRIVED
TO SAVE YOU FROM THE INSIDIOUS
EVILS OF CONSERVATIONISM !!



A GROUP OF 75,000 ARMED "CONSERVATION ADVISORS" IMMEDIATELY SEEKS OUT THE MOST POWERFUL PERSON ON THE ENTIRE PLANET...

YOU'RE THE "PRESIDENT" OF THE "UNITED STATES," RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT...

AND YOU'RE IN FAVOR OF CONSERVATION?

WHY, YES! JUST THE OTHER DAY I WAS SAYING TO CONGRESS...

WE HATE CONSERVATIONISTS.

BLAM

ANY MORE CONSERVATION FANS HERE?

ER, UH... NO SIR!

HEY, GET A LOAD OF THAT ONE! I LIKE HIS LOOKS!

HE'S ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST SPECIMENS I'VE SEEN ON THIS SKUNGUY PLANET!

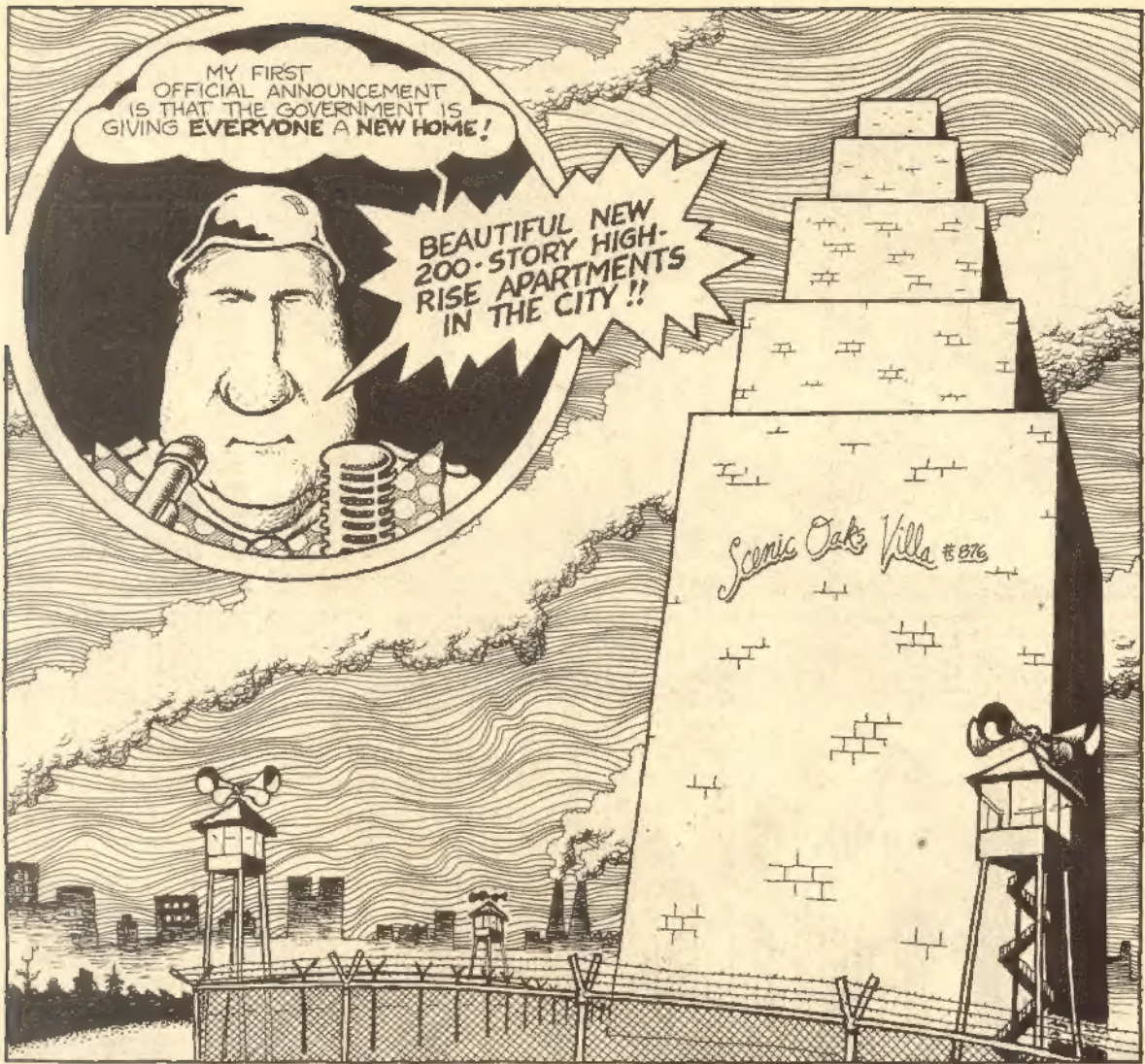
WE'RE MAKING YOU DICTATOR OF EARTH!

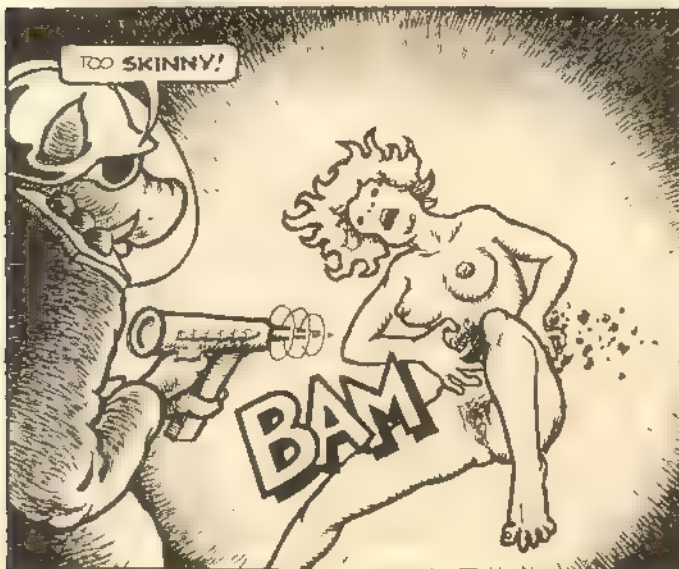
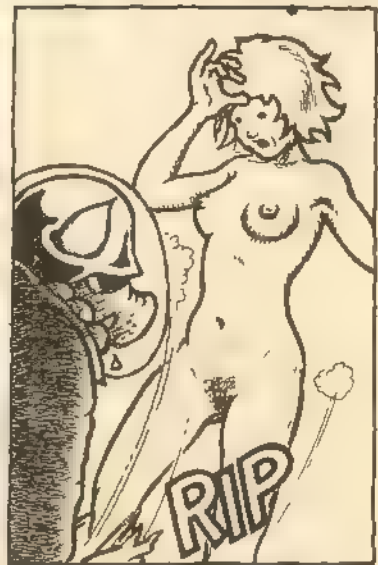
HERE, PUT ON THIS UNIFORM. WE LIKE TO RUN A TIGHT SHIP...

THE NEW DICTATOR IS INAUGURATED AMID GREAT POMP...

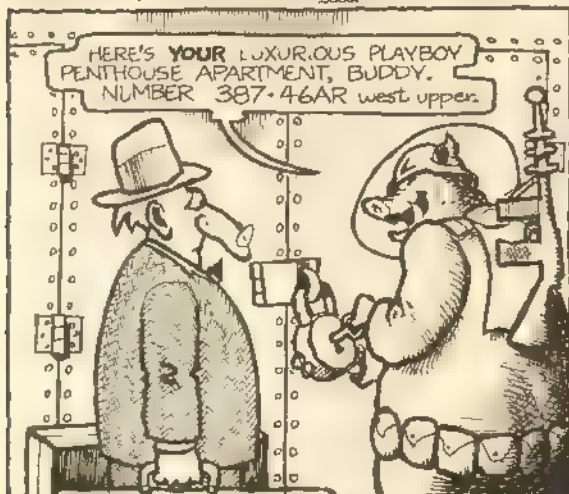
ISN'T THIS INSPIRING?

I HEAR THE LIMOUSINE COST THEM \$361,000!

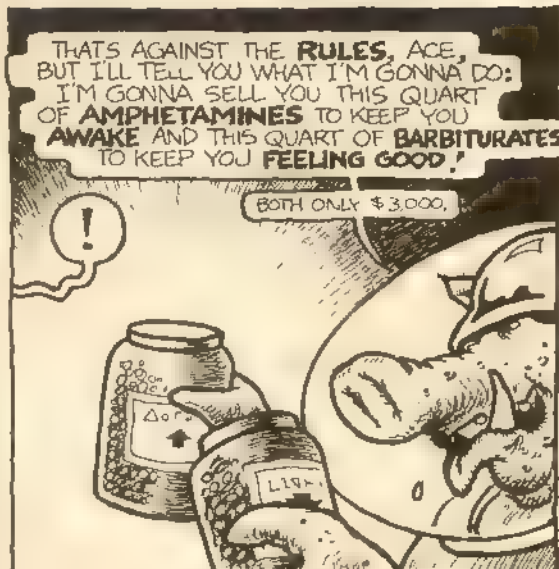
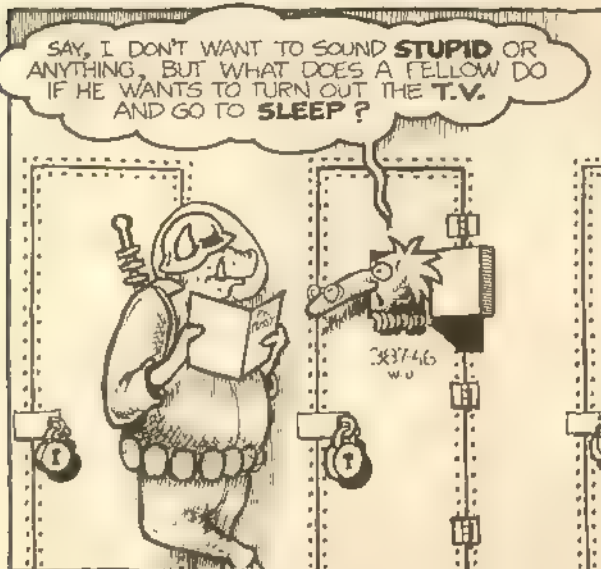




...LAW ABIDING **PHILBERT DESANEX** (WHO, AS YOU REMEMBER, IS IN REALITY OUR HERO **WONDER WART-HOG**) MOVES INTO HIS NEW HOME...



...AND HERES YOUR **DEEPFREEZE** AND YOUR FIRST MONTHS SUPPLY OF GIANT **URANIAN TEEVEE DINNERS**.



WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, YOU FAT
DOPE PUSHER: **NOBODY'S GONNA SELL
WONDER WART HOG NO DOPE!**

ESPECIALLY NOT AT THEM **URANUS** PRICES.

CRASH

YOU **DEFY** ME, EH? WELL, ONE
BLAST FROM MY **NERVE RAY**
PISTOL WILL CAUSE YOU TO DIE
A **QUICK BUT AGONIZING**
DEATH!

**BAD NEWS: NERVE RAYS
ONLY STIMULATE MY
ADRENAL GLAND!!**

POIT

LEAP

WANTA PLAY WITH
NERVES, HUM?
WE'LL TRY **THIS**
ON YOUR **SPINAL**
CORD!

STOMP

TROMP

TRAMBLE

STAMP

**SHRIEK! ONE OF THEM TURNED UPON
ONE OF OUR PEACE POLICE!**

**YOU UNGRATEFUL
WRETCH!**

ZAP

ZAP

**SOUND
THE
GENERAL
ALARM!**

**OUR RAY GUNS HAVE
NO EFFECT ON HIM!**

THUMP

RIP

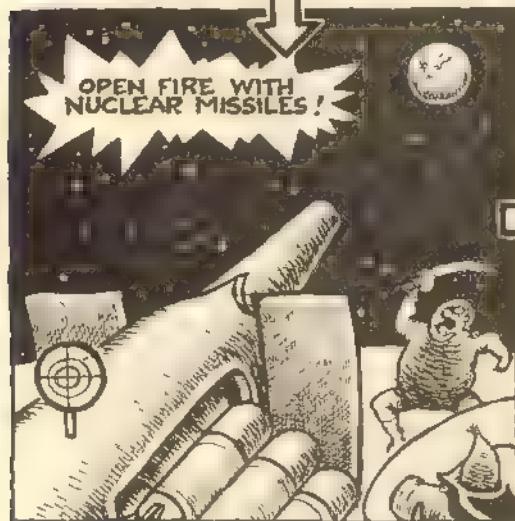
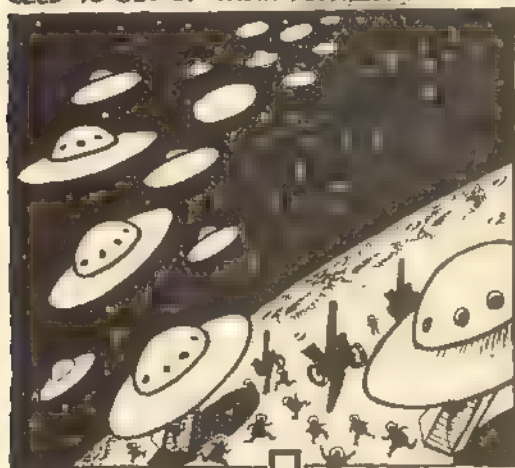
REND

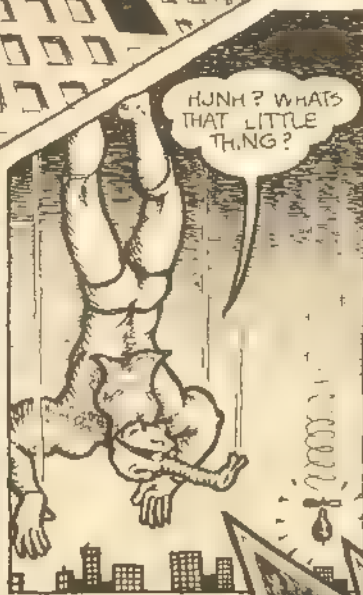
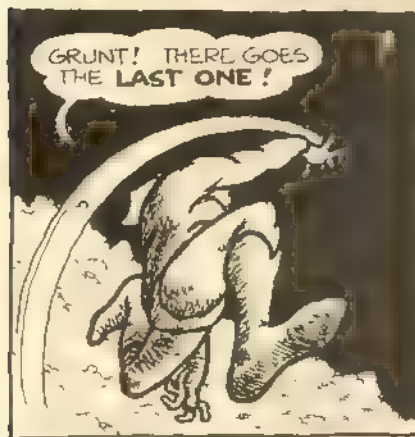
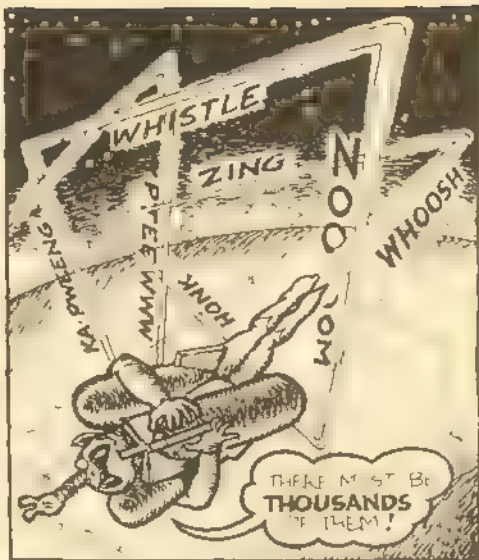
SMASH

KICK

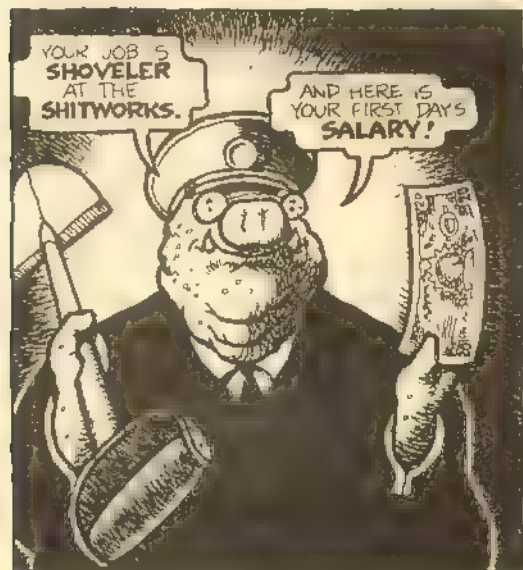
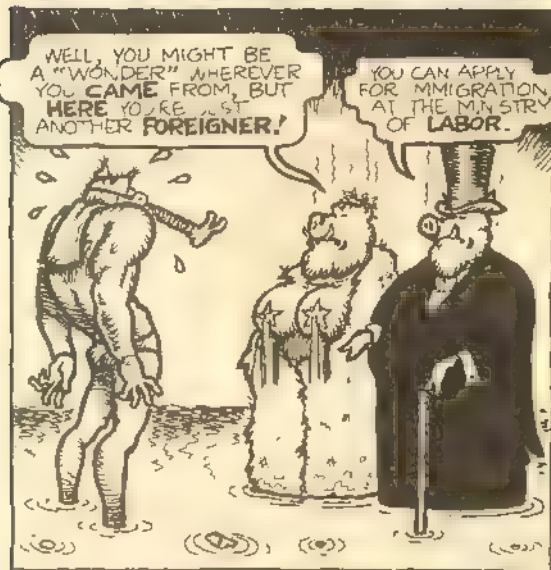


BUT THE SLY URANIANS RETREAT ONLY AS FAR AS THE MOON, WHERE THEY PROCEED TO SET UP THEIR ARTILLERY...









UNCLE LEONARD
AND HIS

FLYING TRAPS MACHINE

TODAY WE FIND UNCLE
LEONARD FUCKING
AROUND IN HIS
"LABORATORY..."



HI UNCLE
LEONARD!
WHAT'S NEW?



OH, NOT TOO MUCH... THE IDEA FOR
THE SPECIAL SEXO-PSYCHEDELIC
MASS TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM FAILED...



I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WAS
READY TO GO? WEREN'T
YOU GONNA GIVE THE MAYOR
A TEST RIDE?



I WAS, BUT LAST
NIGHT WHEN I FLIPPED
THE SWITCH IT ZAP DIS-
APPEARED! AND WHEN
IT RETURNED HE WAS
GONE AND IT WAS CROCK
FULL OF LIBERATED
CHICKENS!
VERY PUZZLING....

HOW?
AFTER THOSE
PRELIMINARY
TESTS, I'LL
NEVER BE ABLE
TO RIDE A PUMB
CITY BUS AGAIN!

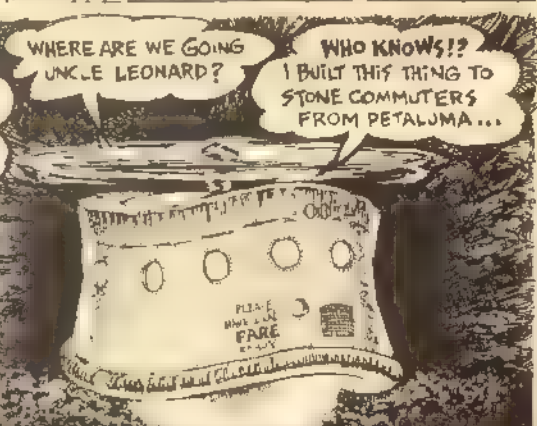
EVERYTHING I INVENT
ALWAYS TURNS OUT TO BE
SOMETHING ELSE. THIS ONE
IS SOME SORT OF FREAKY
TIME MACHINE I GUESS...



OOH!
LET'S GO
FOR A
RIDE!!

WHERE ARE WE GOING
UNCLE LEONARD?

WHO KNOWS!!
I BUILT THIS THING TO
STONE COMMUTERS
FROM PETALUMA...



GLIGLIGLIGLIGLIG
HUNKAWOHUNKAWOCKAHUNKAWOCKAHUNKAWO!
CH-OOOCH-OOOCH-OOOCH-OOOCH

WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW, UNCLE LEONARD?

...EVIDENTLY THAT WAS SOME SORT OF MOLECULAR TRANSITION

-AND NOW WE'RE SOME PLACE ELSE

EEEEEE

WUMP

OOH, MY DREAM...
EEK!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON PLANE SIX?!

FERT

WHAT'S PLANE SIX?

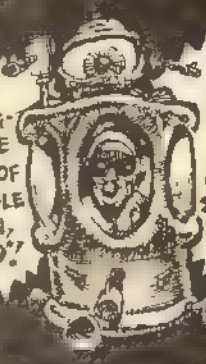
MOST LIKELY WE'VE PERMEATED SOME OTHER FORM OF REALITY...

IS THIS THE "UNKNOWN" UNCLE LEONARD?

YOUR PRESENCE IS IN OPPOSITION TO AREA TEN OF THE STATE OF PERIPHERAL THIRTY-SEVEN !!!!!!

YOU ARE ALSO ACTIVATING THE SENSORS OF ANTI-MISSILE SCREEN, "WALDO"!

YOUR MACHINE IS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND TO MAKE IT OVER THE UNSCALABLE WALL...



THE MASTER
WOULD NO DOUBT BE
PLEASED....

BUT UNFORTUNATELY, YOU
HAVE ALSO SET THE
IRREVERSABLE DETONATORS
OF THE X-13 SUPER BOMB,
WHICH IS HOOKED TO THE
SENSORS.

3-D
VISUALIZATION

...INTO OPERATION,
THIS MEANS THAT THERE
IS APPROXIMATELY 30
SECONDS OF EXISTENCE,
AS WE KNOW IT, LEFT...

YES, MY DEAR, EVERY-
THING! I SUSPECT WE
HAVE TRANSCENDED
OUR OWN TIME CYCLE...

"sigh"... I KNEW THIS
WOULD HAPPEN
SOMEDAY...

IS SOMETHING
GONNA BLOW UP?

Brap

WHAT DO WE DO NOW THAT
THERE'S NOTHING TO GO
BACK TO?

MOVE AHEAD,
MY DEAR,
MOVE AHEAD.

DID WE GET
AWAY IN TIME,
UNCLE LEONARD?

Y'KNOW, YOU
GET YOUNGER
LOOK'NG EVERY
DAY, UNCLE
LEONARD.

ZIP

DOPE

DAVE THERIDAN 70

...AND ARE NOW
WITNESSING THE FINAL
PSYCHOTIC FLASH
INTO SILENT AND
UNINTERRUPTED
OBLIVION!!

THE
END..

BEATIFICA SOMNAMBULA

OUR STORY OPENS ON THE
CORNER OF OAK STREET,
JUST BEFORE DAWN....

HERE LIVE, OLD MAN TRIMBLE,
HIS YOUNG WIFE, AND THEIR
SON, BOBBY



DAWN



COCK
A DOODLE
DOOOOOO



HUH!
W-WHERE
AM I?



JUMPIN'
JEEHOSIFAT!
WHAT'VE I DONE?

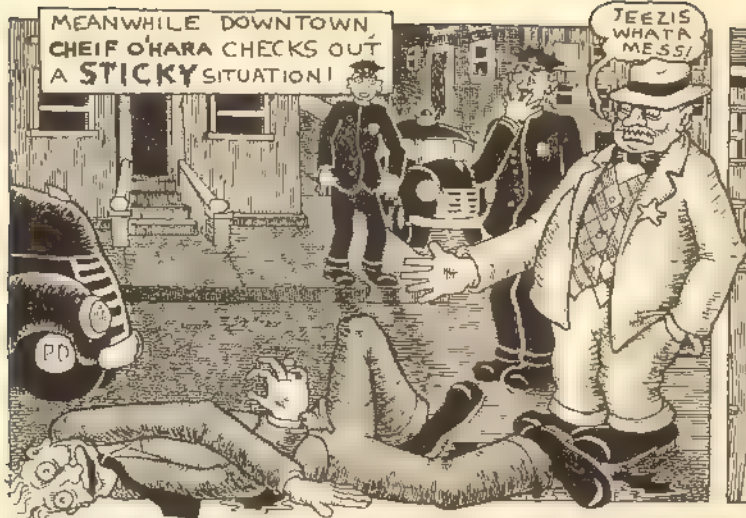


NO
PLEASE

TARRO

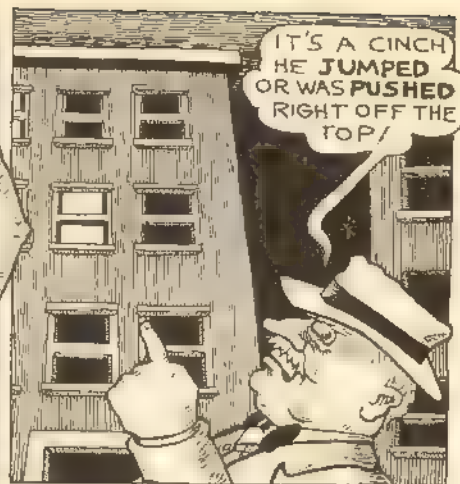
SPY

INK



MEANWHILE DOWNTOWN,
CHIEF O'HARA CHECKS OUT
A STICKY SITUATION!

JEZUS
WHAT A
MESS!

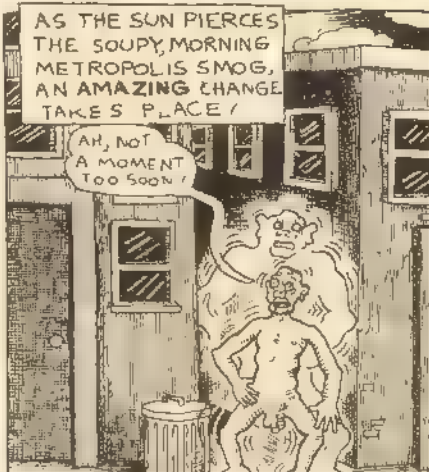


IT'S A CINCH
HE JUMPED
OR WAS PUSHED
RIGHT OFF THE
TOP!



IN A NEARBY ALLEY
LOOKS THE AWESOME
PERPETRATOR.

THE SUN
IS COMING
OUT! I'M
SAVED!

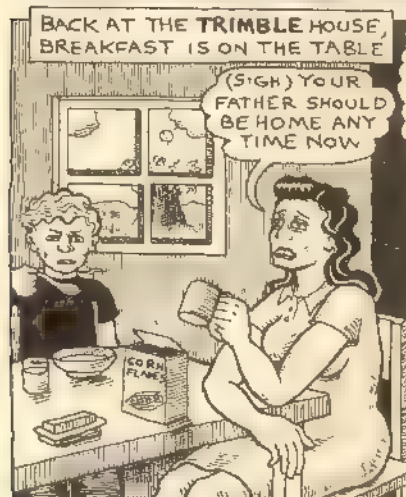


AS THE SUN PIERCES
THE SOUPY MORNING
METROPOLIS SMOG,
AN AMAZING CHANGE
TAKES PLACE!

AH, NOT
A MOMENT
TOO SOON!



I BETTER
CHANGE INTO
SOME CLOTHES
QUICK!



BACK AT THE TRIMBLE HOUSE,
BREAKFAST IS ON THE TABLE

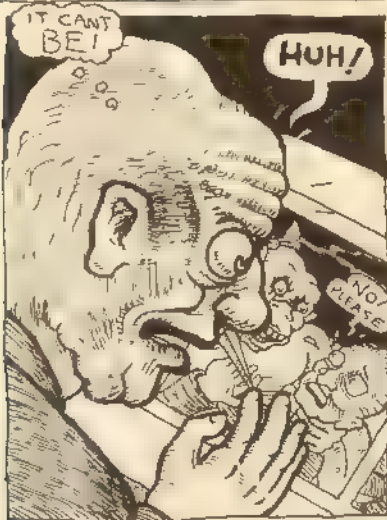
(SIGH) YOUR
FATHER SHOULD
BE HOME ANY
TIME NOW



GOSH, I WONDER IF
I SHOULD TELL MOM
ABOUT THOSE QUEER
PICTURES I DREW
IN MY SLEEP LAST
NIGHT?



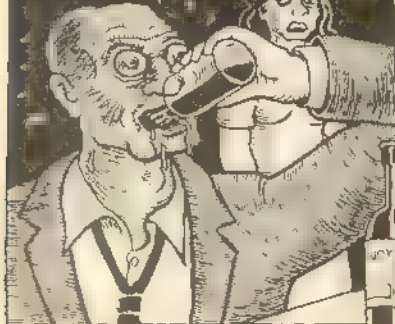
FETCH ME
MY BRANDY WIFE,
BEFORE I BEAT
THEE TO A FARE
THEE WELL!



BUT THINGS ARE SOON
SEEMINGLY BACK TO NORMAL

GLAGGLE

SIGH



OR ARE THEY?

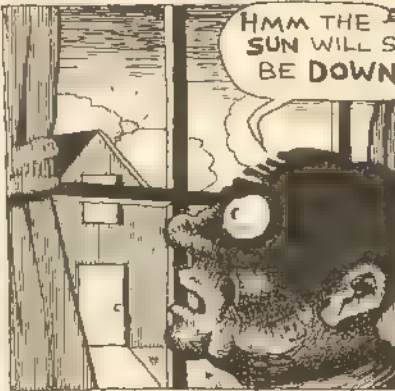


HOURS LATER, OLD MAN
TRIMBLE WONDERS TO
HIMSELF

HOW COULD
HE KNOW?



HMM THE
SUN WILL SOON
BE DOWN



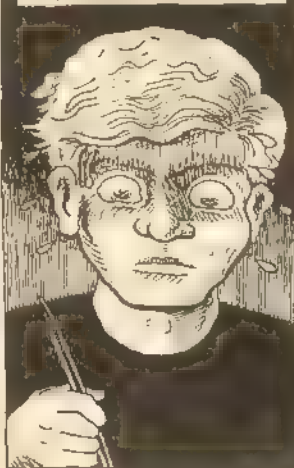
I'D BEST LOSE NO
MORE TIME IN
CHECKING UP ON
THIS THING
(CHEW REH)



UPSTAIRS A SOMNAMBULISTIC
PHENOMENON IS IN FULL SWING

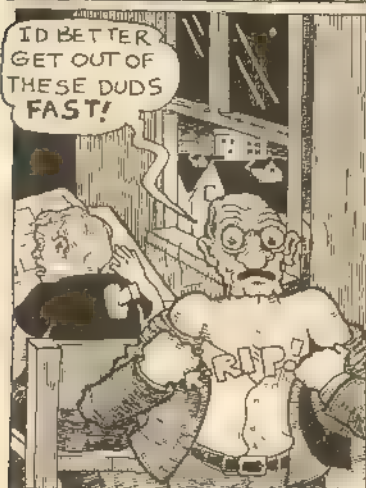


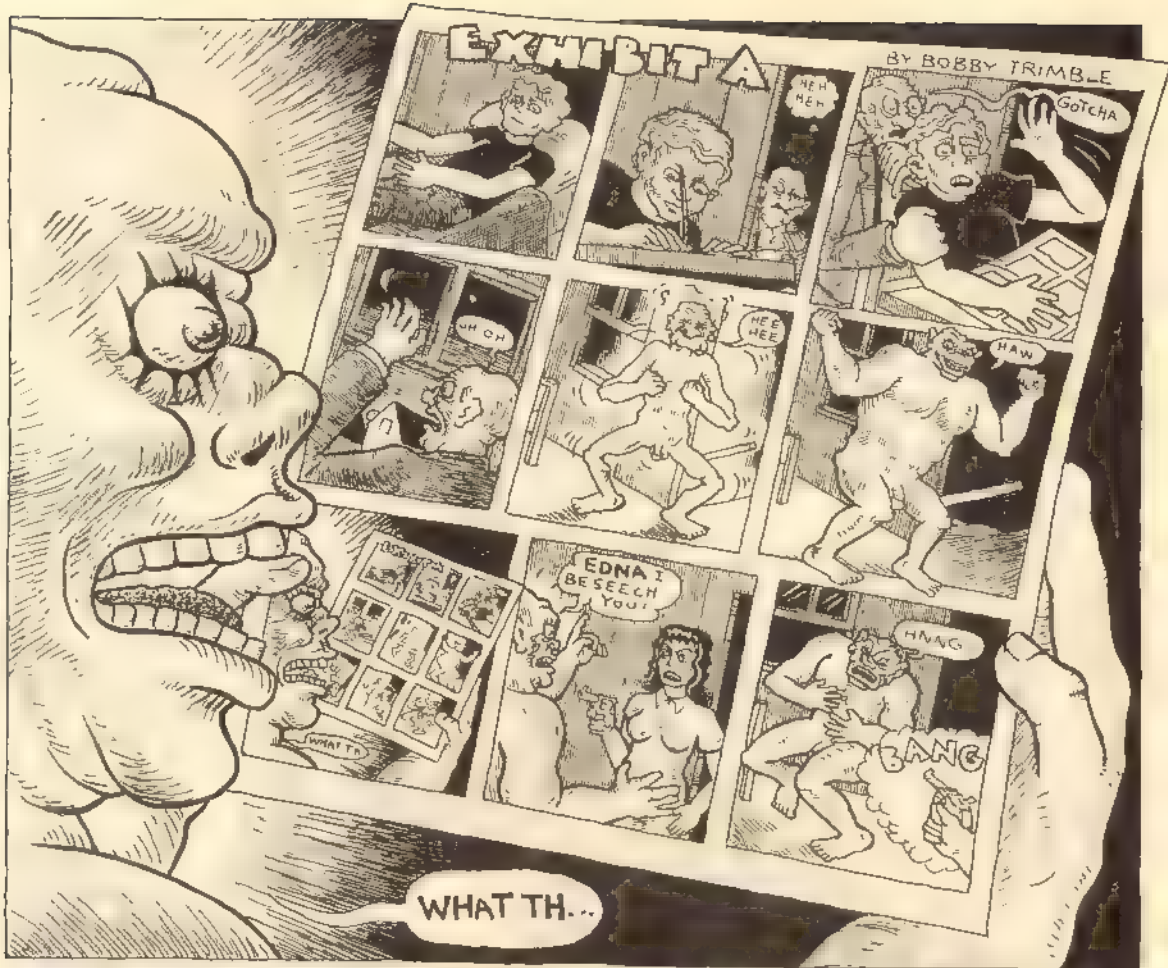
AS YOUNG TRIMBLE
UNCONSCIOUSLY WORKS
WITH SUPER HUMAN
FERVOR AT HIS
DRAWING BOARD!

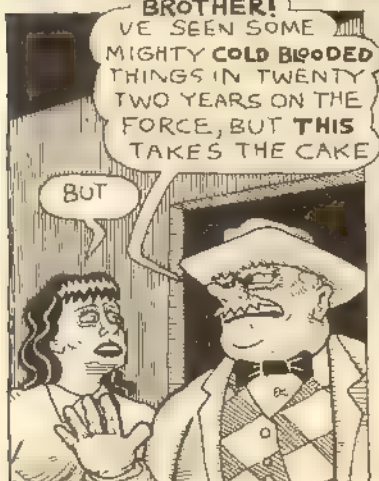
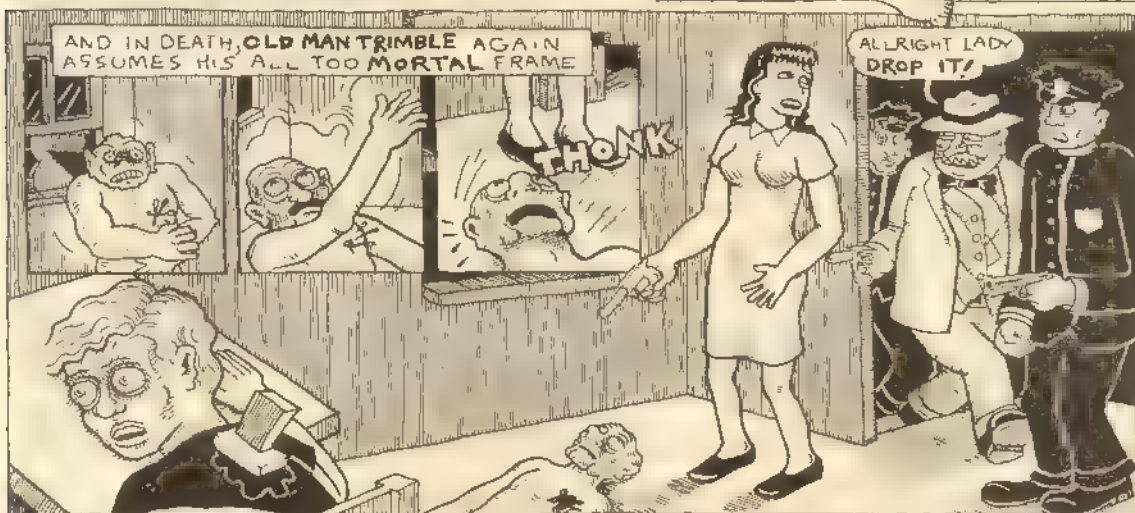


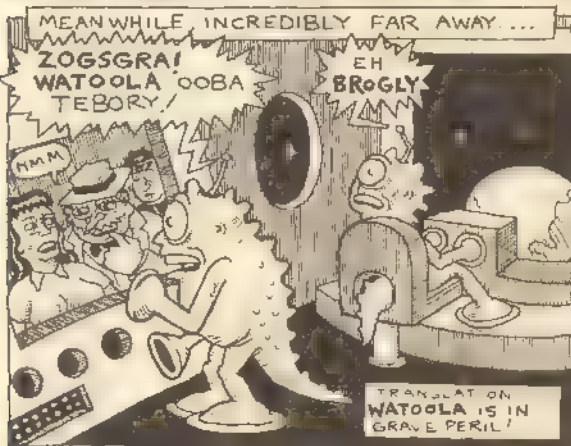
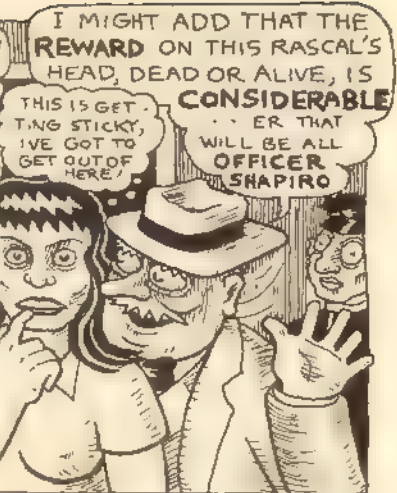
BUT SUDDENLY THE
LIGHT OF LIFE ABRUPTLY
LEAVES HIS FEATURES











WHAT
TH..!!

BUT INSTEAD OF FALLING,
EDNA UNDERGOES A
STARTLING METAMORPHOSIS

BLEKOO
SEBLY

TRANSLATION
WELCOME
SISTER

GREAT GOD!
WHERE WILL IT ALL
END?

ZOP

TRANS
HMM

WATOOLA IF GLOBBY
GLOMMY SUK TOOMA!
ZUG FOOMOO
POONGA POONGA!

TRANSLATIONAH
WATOOLA, TIS A PITY
YOU MUDDLED THINGS.
WITH CARERRA'S AID,
WORLD DOMINATION
WOULD HAVE BEEN IN
OUR VERY GRASP

MEANWHILE OLD
VASCO'S IMMORTAL
SOUL, INVISIBLE TO
ALL BUT THE READERS
OF THIS COMIC BOOK,
PONDER'S ITS FATE!

TO THINK THAT
I, THE GREAT
CARERRA SHOULD
COME TO SO
IGNOMINIOUS
AN END!

AND WHY? BECAUSE
OF THE MEDDLING
PRECOCIOUSNESS
OF MY OWN SON!
MY OWN NO GOOD
FLESH AND BLOOD!

AWGEE
POP!

HEY SHUT UP!
OVER THERE,
HOW'S A POOR
SOUL GOING
TO GET ANY
SLEEP?

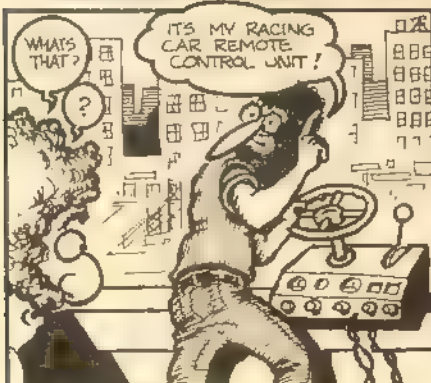
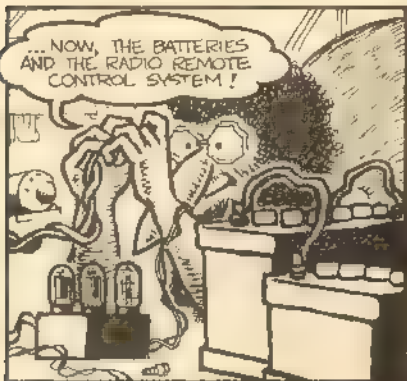
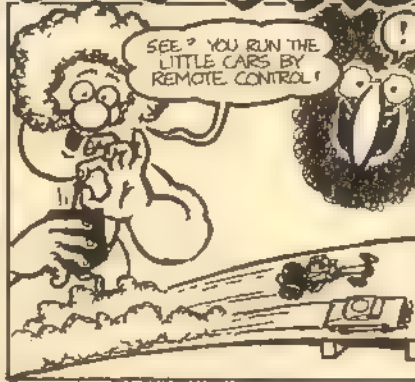
YEAH, PIPE
DOWN!

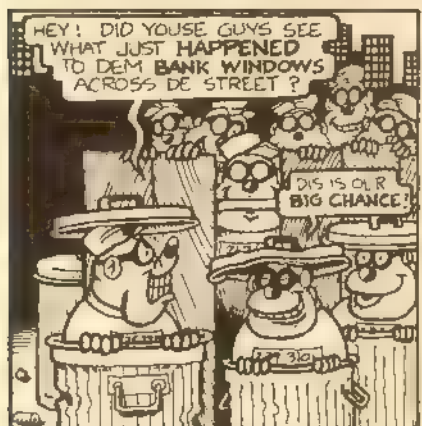
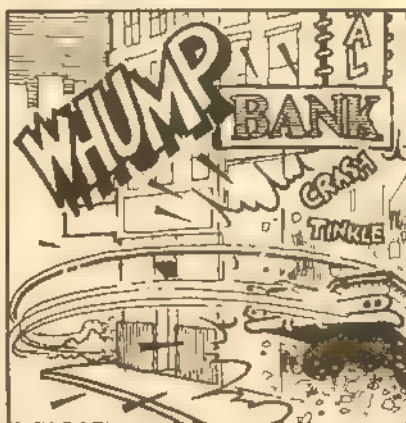
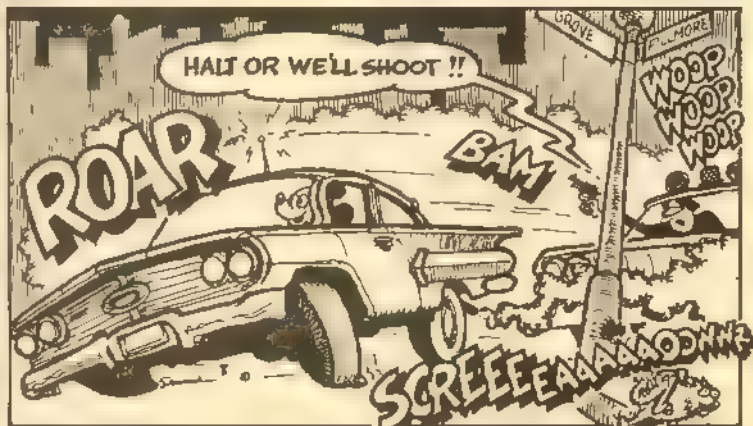
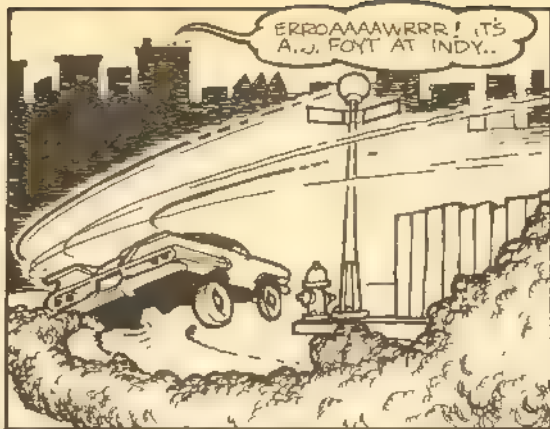
THAT GOES
DOUBLE
FOR ME!

THE FOTO
FINISH!

Kim Deitch 70

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS





THE WIND WHISTLES SAVAGELY THROUGH THE LOOMING, DESERTED, MAN-MADE CANYONS...



...WHIPPING THE SHROUDLIKE SMOG AGAINST THE STONE AND GLASS. NO ONE STIRS AT THIS FORBIDDING HOUR - 9PM IN THE CITY!!



BUT WAIT! A STILLNESS HAS SUDDENLY DESCENDED. WHAT'S THAT? YES, SOMEONE IS COMING OUT OF THE GLOOM, THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING CRAZILY AGAINST THE CONCRETE. ITS... ITS...



THE RETURN OF E²!*

E²! A NAME THAT STRIKES TERROR INTO EVERY MOTHER'S THINGIE! A NAME THAT HAS HOUNDED MANKIND FROM ITS EARLIEST ORIGINS, CAUSING WAR, FAMINE, STRIFE, AND PESTILENCE INCLUDING CANCER! TB. HEART TROUBLE! ULCERATED STOMACH. AND A HOST OF RESPIRATORY AILMENTS!! -- AS WELL AS BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE GREED AND ENVY IN THE WORLD. IN SHORT, A REAL BAD ASS! BUT WHAT'S HE DOING BACK IN A PROGRESSIVE ERA LIKE THIS?



* THAT'S PROFOUNDLY SCARED, SPORTS MAN!

Prologue: The last time we saw E², boys and girls, you'll recall how God Nose whupped his sinister henchmen in single combat, only to find that the real enemy was - you guessed it - E² himself! Since this scummy character is pretty basic to man's nature, the hard-blowing Nose did the only logical thing and turned the problem over to Mankind, whoever **THAT** is. That's about where it's at, folks, so sit back, relax, and watch the action!

AIR RAID
SHELTER

TOW AWAY
NO

STOPPING
7AM-6PM

AH YES.. IT'S GOOD
TO BE BACK - NOT THAT
I'VE EVER BEEN GONE
YOU UNDERSTAND..

JUST LOOK
AROUND YOU - MY
HANDIWORK!! ALL
MINE - HAHHA

GO
YOU'RE GOING
WRONG WAY

STOP

DO
NOT
ENTER

TOW AWAY
ZONE
NO STOPPING
NO PARKING
9AM-4PM

TAXI

SF+PD

URP! GAG! ACK!
COUGH! COUGH! DAMN
AIR - NOT FIT TO BREATHE!
CLOGGED WITH CARBON
MONOXIDES, NITROGEN
OXIDES, AND SULPHUR
CHONE.. DIOXIDES!
HAHA - WHEEZE

NO MATTER
ALL THIS GARBAGE
IS THE RESULT OF
POWER, AND
THAT'S THE NATURE
OF MY GAME! SO NOW
I'M BACK - BACK
TO TAKE POWER!
(WHERE'D MY
GLASSES GO?)

DEPOSIT
LITTER!

HAHA
THAT'S A GOOD
ONE - WHAT REVOLU-
TION! HAHHA!

YES! I'VE COME
BACK TO TAKE CREDIT
FOR MY REVALDOOSHUN!!
MINE - THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
REVOLUTION OF ALL TIME!
EH? WHAT REVOLU-
TION??

HAHAHA
HA

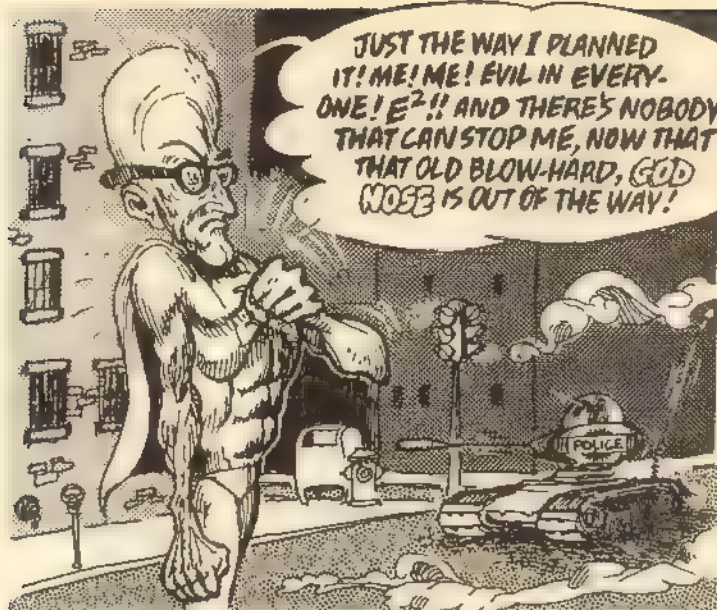
THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION!

AH YES... THOSE FOND MEMORIES OF THE EARLY DAYS! OF COURSE I WAS RIGHT THERE, PATIENTLY DIRECTING EVERY STEP, CAREFUL TO REVEAL ONLY THE DAZZLING SIDE OF EACH DISCOVERY, YET ALWAYS OBSCURING ITS ADDICTIVE NATURE...



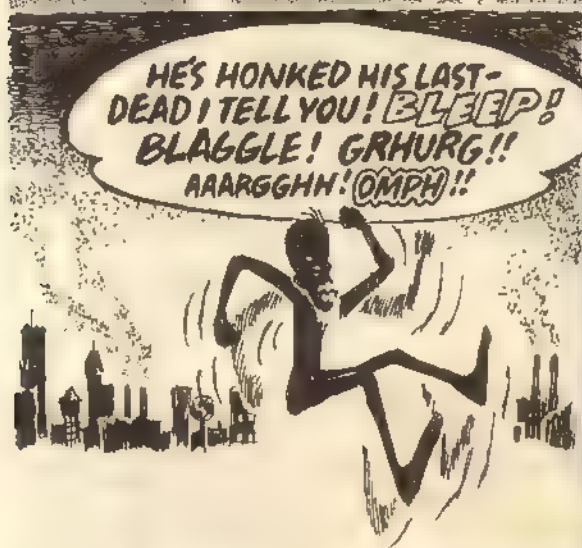
NOT THAT IT WAS ALL THAT EASY, YOU UNDERSTAND. GIVING CANDY TO A BABY REQUIRES A LOT OF TECHNICAL SKILL AND PLANNING... ESPECIALLY WHEN EVERYONE MUST BE CONVINCED THAT (A) THERE'S PLENTY TO GO AROUND, AND (B) THEY'RE NOT GETTING LESS THAN THE NEXT GUY. SO, WITH A LITTLE PRODUCT OF MY NIMBLE BRAIN, CALLED "ADVERTISING," I ER PLIED MAN'S BASIC SELFISHNESS, WITH THE HAPPY RESULT THAT THE MOVEMENT NOW PROVIDES ITS OWN MOMENTUM! POETIC, EH?





JUST THE WAY I PLANNED
IT! ME! ME! EVIL IN EVERY-
ONE! E²!! AND THERE'S NOBODY
THAT CAN STOP ME, NOW THAT
THAT OLD BLOW-HARD, GOD
NOSE IS OUT OF THE WAY!

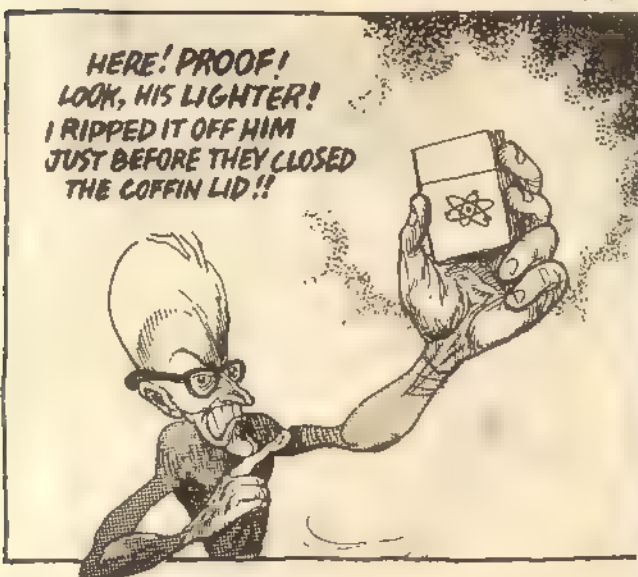
YES! HE'S DEAD!
I SAW HIM BURIED! THAT'S
RIGHT... AND I EVEN STUFFED
STYROFOAM IN HIS
HAIRY
NOSTRILS!



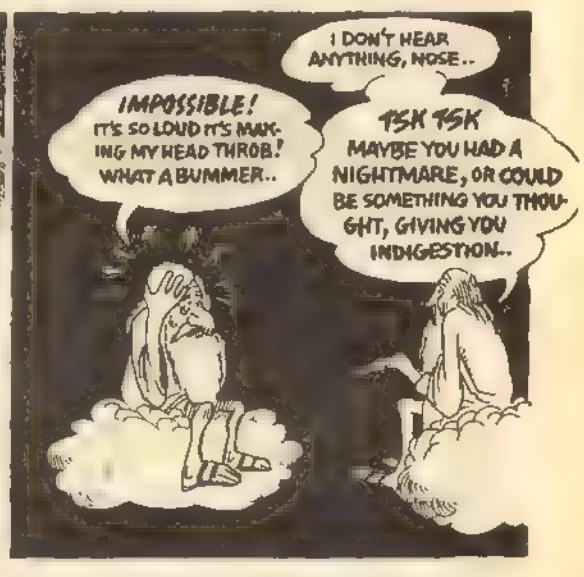
HE'S HONKED HIS LAST-
DEAD I TELL YOU! BLEEP!
BLAGGLE! GRHURG!!
AAARGGHH! OMPH!!



© WHA THE FUCK? MUMBLE
WHERE'S ALL THAT NOISE COMING FROM?
GRUMBLE... IT'S ENOUGH TO WAKE THE
DEAD... OOOOWHH MY HEAD..



HERE! PROOF!
LOOK, HIS LIGHTER!
I RIPPED IT OFF HIM
JUST BEFORE THEY CLOSED
THE COFFIN LID!!



IMPOSSIBLE!
IT'S SO LOUD IT'S MAK-
ING MY HEAD THROB!
WHAT A BUMMER..

I DON'T HEAR
ANYTHING, NOSE..

TSK TSK
MAYBE YOU HAD A
NIGHTMARE, OR COULD
BE SOMETHING YOU THOU-
GHT, GIVING YOU
INDIGESTION..



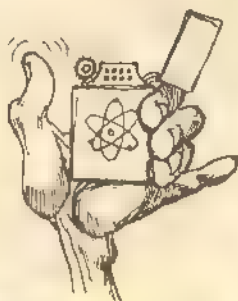
AH HA! SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT'S HIS LIGHTER, EH? YOU WANT TO SEE IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES? VERY WELL...

AN ULCERATED NOSTALGIA, PERHAPS - SUBTLY IRRITATING THE SNOT CENTER

WHATEVER IT IS, IT FEELS LIKE MY 'HOLE HEADS GONNA EXPLO-



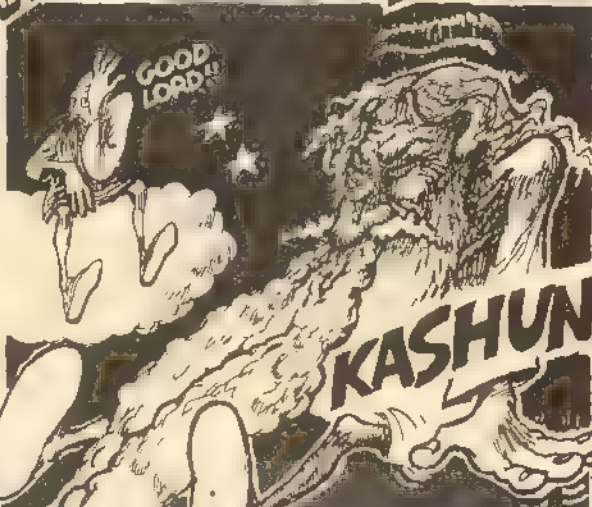
...I'LL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE MEANING OF ULTIMATE POWER, ONCE AND FOR ALL! MERELY A FLIP OF THE TRUSTY OL' OPPOSABLE THUMB..



AAH..



AAAHH..



GOOD LORD!!

KASHUNZ!



HAHAHEHE
WEHOHO NOSE,
YOU CAN CONFUSE UP
SOME OF THE MOST COM-
BUSTIBLE NOSTRILS!

I'M EXHAUSTED..



Jaxon

SO REMEMBER FOLKS, LIFE IS BUT A ~~TRIP~~
AND THE NOSE IS THE ASSHOLE OF THE MIND!
THE END

RAW WAR

COMICS

STORIES
FOR RED-
BLOODED
VIRILE
MALES ONLY!
NO SISSIES

THUBB!

FINCH

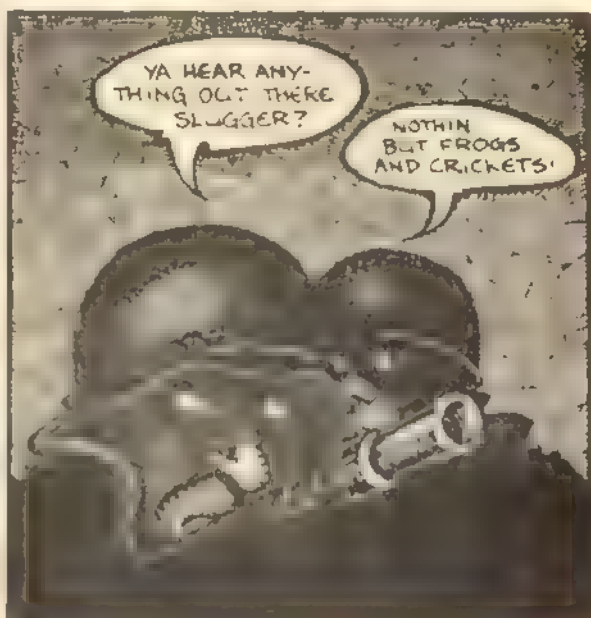
Irons • 70

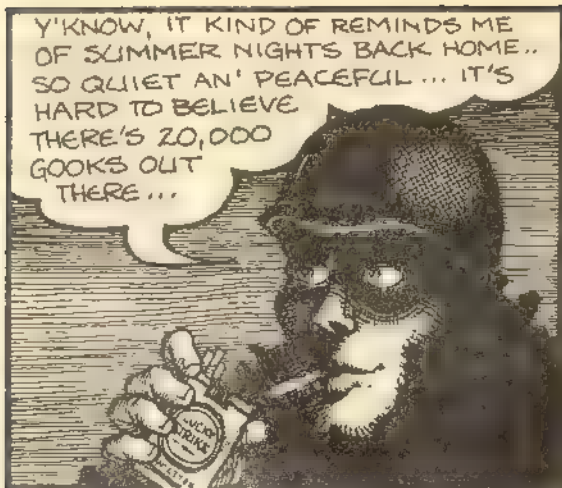
OUR STORY BEGINS SOMEWHERE
IN THE **NO-MAN'S-LAND**
CREATED BY **MEN AT WAR!**
SLUGGER MCCORD AND **ACE**
JOHNSON, OUT ON AN IMPORT-
ANT MISSION, CROUCH IN THE
DARKNESS AND WAIT...



YA HEAR ANY-
THING OUT THERE
SLUGGER?

NOTHIN
BUT FROGS
AND CRICKETS!

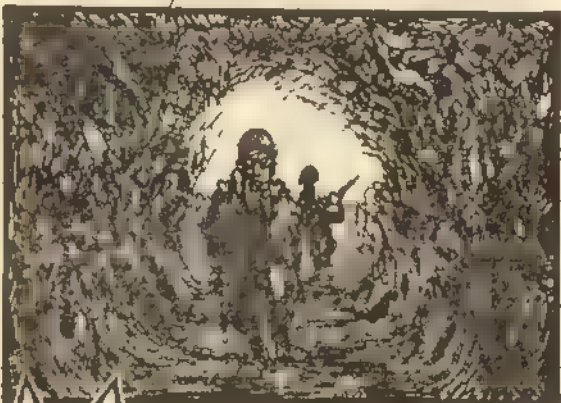




... OUR STORY BEGINS AS "A" COMPANY, WEARY FROM A NIGHT'S PATROL, RETURNED TO BASE CAMP. JOE SPENCE, P.F.C. WAS LOST IN THOUGHT!



JOE WAS TIRED... TIRED OF FIGHTING. TIRED OF KILLING IN ORDER TO SURVIVE, TIRED OF THE WAR!



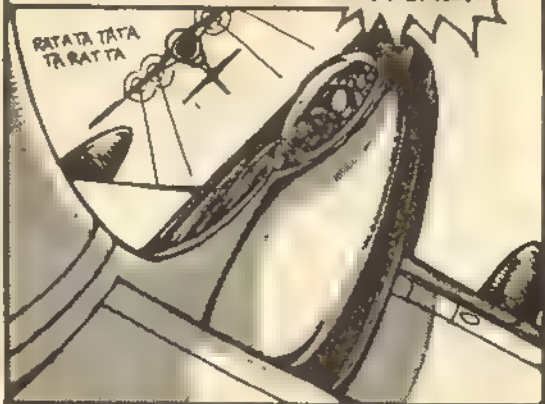
GOD! THIS ISN'T IN THE SCRIPT AT ALL!

WE'D.. WE'D BETTER.. UH.. START AGAIN!

OUR STORY BEGINS AS MAJOR "TUCK" PUCKER HEADS HIS F-86 HOME AFTER A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.



HE IS ALMOST CLEAR OF HOSTILE TERRITORY WHEN SUDDENLY...



MAJOR PUCKER SKILLFULLY BREAKS TO THE LEFT, CLIMBS, AND...

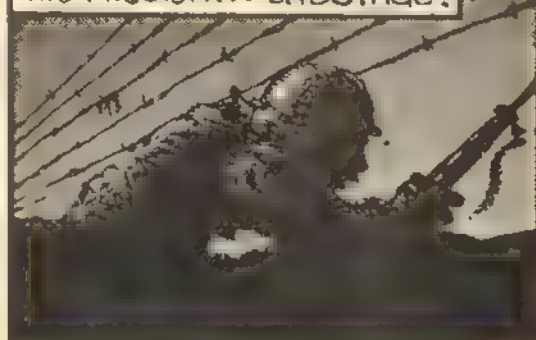


SHIT! CAN'T EVEN GET THROUGH A LITTLE WAR STORY! MAYBE A DIFFERENT TRIP...

OUR STORY BEGINS AS QUAN HOY, NORTH VIETNAMESE REGULAR, MOVES OUT. HE CRAWLS NOISLESSLY THROUGH THE MUD AND DARKNESS.



FARTHER AND FARTHER FROM BASE CAMP... CLOSER AND CLOSER TO ENEMY OCCUPIED TERRITORY... HIS MISSION... SABOTAGE!



QUAN STEALTHILY APPROACHES...



WHAT'S THIS COMIC STRIP COMING TO? THINGS
HAVE GOTTEN COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!

OUR STORY BEGINS AS..



GUK!

FOMP!

GOD DAMN, THIS IS WEIRD!
MAYBE IF WE TRY JUST ONCE MORE...

OUR STORY...



WOMMM!!

AHH... FUCK IT!!

THAT FUTURISTIC BUNCH OF MODERN-NICS,
SPEEDY SPINAC & TOMORROW TOPKINS

READER:
YOU PROBABLY
WON'T UNDER-
STAND THIS
BECAUSE IT
IS WAY
AHEAD OF
YOUR TIME!

"ONWARD, UPWARD,
OFF & AWAY!"

THAT'S THE THING ABOUT
YOU, SPEEDY. YOU'VE GOT
DIRECTION!

SNAP

IN
"SPINAC'S FANTASY GUNS"

I'LL STREAK THROUGH
THE BOWELS OF THE UNIVERSE
LIKE A SPARK FROM
VULCAN'S FORGE.

I'LL JUST GIVE'ER
A SPIN AND
GENERATE SOME
ENERGY!



LITTLE DID
THEY KNOW THAT
THEY WERE IN
THE SCRUTINY
OF THE COSMIC
CANIBALS!

UWY
GUMBO!

MOOO CO
LA BUMBO!

BUT BEFORE THE UNIVERSAL
ABORIGINES COULD ATTACK...

ADIOS
MOTHER
FUCKER
A.M.F.

ROBERT
WILLIAMS

He who laughs last... LAST...

"WAR IS A POLITICAL WHOREHOUSE,"



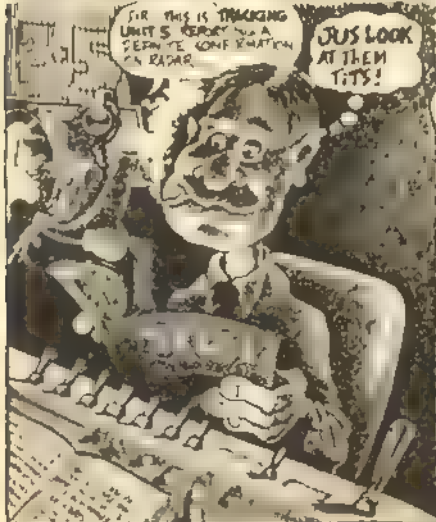
ACT 1

SCENE 1

CURTAIN OPENS ON A "SAC" COMMAND CENTER LOCATED UNDER 60 MILES OF SOLID GRANITE, THE FUNNYBONE OF THE ENTIRE NORTH AMERICAN DEFENSE NETWORK.

THIS SYSTEM REPRESENTS THE EVOLUTION OF MAN'S SOCIO-TECHNOLOGICAL CULTURAL EVOLUTION, AND AT THE CONTROLS OF THIS COMPLICATED ELECTRONIC APPARATUS SITS... PVT. NELSON.

HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN A MANNER OF DEVOUT TRAINING, A RELIGION PERHAPS, AND FOR ONE FANATIC REASON...



...TO PUSH "THE BUTTON."



SCENE 2 STAGE RIGHT-THE SILENT MAJORITY--STAGE CENTER, THE EVENING NEWS DELIVERED WITH THE USUAL UNEMOTIONAL MONOTONE DIALOGUE... THE COMMENTATOR'S COUNTENANCE MAKES YOU INHERENTLY FEEL THAT HIS ENTIRE INNER STRUCTURE IS COMPOSED OF OATMEAL.



AND THE GROWING "HAPES" AROUND THE NATION CONCERNING THE RUMOR THAT THE VICE PRES. HAD TAKEN LSD HAS BEEN FANNEMED BY A DENIAL FROM THE WHITEHOUSE...

FUCK EM ALL THAT'S WHAT I'D DO... BOOP

AND MONTHS BULLETIN IN OFF THE UPS WIRE....

..THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT HAS JUST ANNOUNCED THAT A STATE OF WAR EXISTS BETWEEN THE U.S. AND THE EASTERN PD...POW.ZPPP...

WHAT?

GUESS WHAT, ASSHOLES? WORLD WAR THREE STARTED FIVE MINUTES AGO!

SO..YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO OUTSIDE AND WATCH THE EXPLOSIONS...HA.

I MEAN, AFTER ALL, IT'S OUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK, ISN'T IT? AHA HA... AHAHAHAHAHAHA



WAVE TA GET ME A NEW CHANNEL, BUNCH A GODLESS FREAKS ON THIS ONE.

THE LOGISTICS ON AN SYSTEMS NO CATE A COMPLETE DEGENERATION OF ENEMY DEFENSES

COPE HAVE "DO PEEP" ACKNOWLEDGES ENEMY WEAPONS STILL ON RADAR AND COMING THIS WAY...

I MEAN LIKE.. ALL I REALLY DID WAS MOVE MY FINGER UP AN DOWN. INSTEAD, WHAT I WANTED TO DO WAS TA PUNCH SOMEBODY... BREAK THOSE DAMN BASTARDS IN HALF WITH MY BARE HANDS...

I WANNA PUST, HAIM, SQUEEZE, TWIST, MASH, GOUGE AND KILL.

WHAT IS IT? WHY AM I SO FRUS-TRATED? I DID IT... I PUSHED THE BUTTON. WE BLEW THE HELL OUTA EM.... WHAT'S IT? HNNNN... I WANNA HIT SOMEBODY... YEAH!

SCENE 3



SCENE 4 - ENTIRE CAST ON STAGE...

HELLO, THIS IS HOWARD DORMISH, CBS, ON THE SCENE HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO... AH YES, IT'S A GREAT NIGHT, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE IN THE CITY OVERLOOKING THE CITY WAITING FOR THE FIRST MISSILES TO ARRIVE... MUCH LIKE THE MOUTH OF JULY!

PEOPLE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY CLUBBED BACK DEMONSTRATORS WHO ARE PROTESTING OUR INVOLVEMENT IN THIS WAR... AS USUAL, THESE YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE NO RESPECT FOR PEACEFUL RESISTANCE AND MUCH ROCK AND BOTTLE THROWING HAS OCCURRED.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS EVENT MADAM?

OH, I THINK IT'S JUST MARVELOUS! MOST EXCITING THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED. WE SHOULDN'T QUESTION WHAT THE PRESIDENT HAS DONE, WE KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR THE PEOPLE.

THANK YOU, AND HOW TO MOSCOW..

THANK YOU HOWARD, THIS IS GEORGE M'FEE, LIVE VIA SATELLITE. OF COURSE NO ONE HERE EXCEPT THE KREMLIN OFFICIALS IS AWARE THAT THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO END. THIS EXCHANGE OF HOSTILITIES WILL COME AS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO THE LOCAL POPULACE, AND WE'LL BE ON THE SPOT, LIVE, TO GIVE YOU THEIR FIRST REACTIONS! BACK TO YOU, HOME...

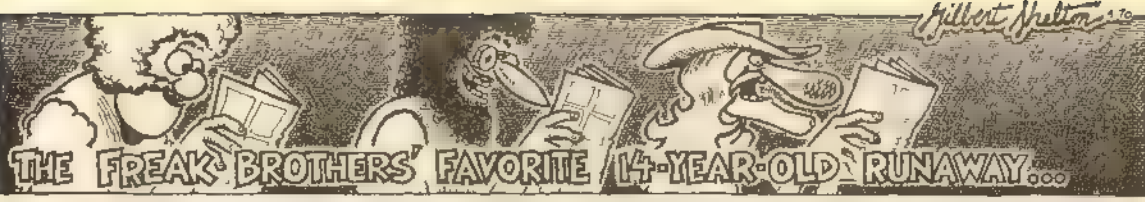
THANKS, GEORGE. CBS IS PLEASANT TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT'S GOING TO BRING YOU THROUGH THE MIRACLE OF VIDEO TAPE, "INSTANT REPLAY" AND "STOP ACTION"!! SO... IF YOU'RE STILL AROUND WHEN NEW YORK OR LONDON GETS IT, WE'LL HAVE IT ALL, AS IT HAPPENS. AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR... COMPOSE.

GOD DAMN! IT'S ON EVERY CHANNEL... MUST BE A PLOT OR SOMETHING...

IT DON'T EVEN MAKE NO SENSE; MUST BE FRUSTRATED BUTTON PUSHERS ALL OVER THE WORLD. TANT A ONE OF US THAT'S GONNA FEEL RIGHT... H.C...

COSE WHE JACK BE-NIMBLE REARS WE ARE ABOUT TO BE A DIRECT HIT.

OH WELL, AT LEAST THIS SOLVES THE EXISTENTIAL AND ECOLOGICAL DILEMMA URRRRK!!



THE FREAK BROTHERS' FAVORITE 14-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY...

Little Orphan Amphetamine

"Genuine equality between the sexes can only be realized in the process of the socialist transformation of society as a whole."
—Mao Tse-tung

DON'T YOU GET BORED JUST SITTING AROUND THE MANSION ALL DAY, ANNIE? WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND GET A JOB?

AW, GET FUCKED, 'DADDY'. I'VE HAD ENOUGH BULLSHIT OFF YOU.



COME ON, GRUNTCAKES, WE'RE GOING TO GO AND LIVE SET THE LAND!

FIRST I GOTTA GET MY ZIGS!

ART! WHIMP!

GOING TO CALIFORNIA?

SURE LITTLE GIRL! HOP IN!

GOING?

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD TO CRY, LITTLE GIRL. NO ONE EVER COMES ALONG THIS BACK ROAD!

NOW, MAN, WHAT NO ONE EVER COMES ALONG THIS BACK ROAD?

THINK!

AFTER A NUMBER OF RIDES...

WELL, GRUNTCAKES, HERE WE ARE IN SAN FRANCISCO. THERES A GROOVY LOOKING GUY.

HEY, YOU KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN CRASH?

HEY LOOPY WHAT I FOUND!

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE HERE!!

HERE DO SOME GRACK N A C D

WHITCHA GOT IN THAT PAGE?

HI YOU AN' NAME SIT ON MY FACE!

HEY, YOU KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN CRASH?

HEY, YOU KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN CRASH?

HEY, YOU KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN CRASH?

HEY, YOU KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN CRASH?

QU... LEAVING YOU A FINGERBANDS WITH MY WORDS MAN.

YOU EVER SHOT IN BIRTH CONTROL PLUS BEAUTIFUL??

ME + EAT

DADDY, I'VE GOT A JOB AND NEED \$400 SO WE CAN FLY HOME AND SEE A DOCTOR AND MY SHIRTS!

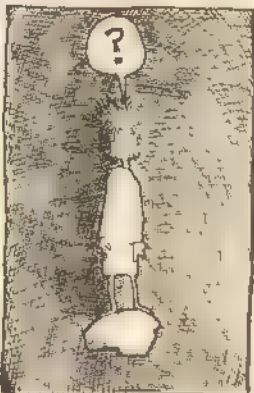
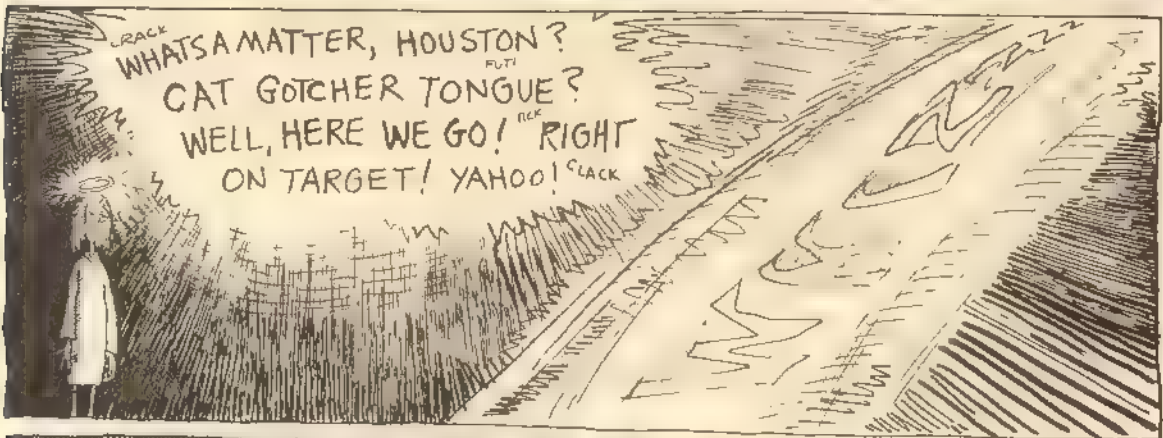
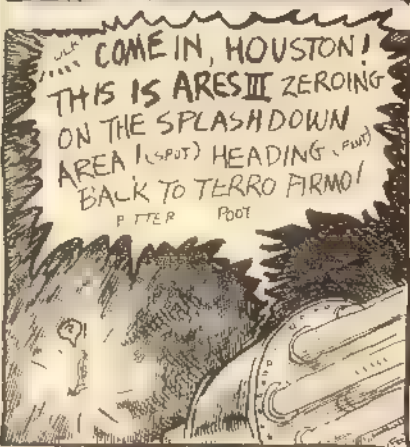
ALL THESE... HEAR THE... I'VE GOT A JOB AND NEED \$400 SO WE CAN FLY HOME AND SEE A DOCTOR AND MY SHIRTS!

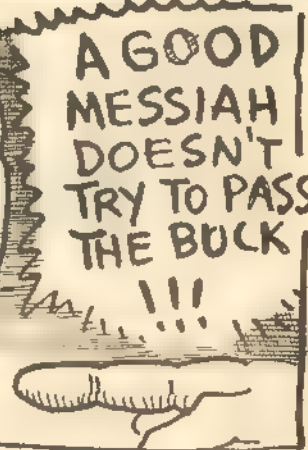
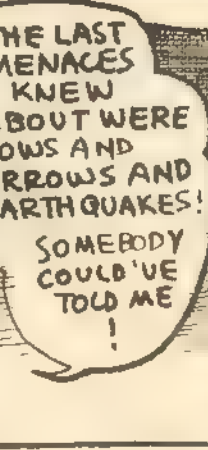
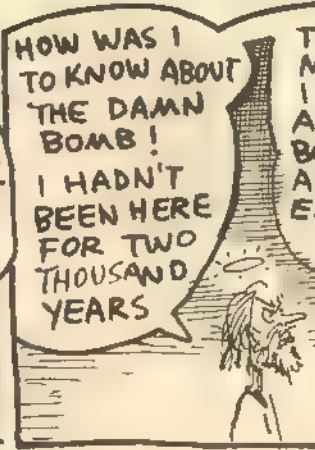
ONE AND ONE HALF WEEKS LATER

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, 'DADDY', IS YOU'RE A CAPITALIST FUG. WHY DON'T YOU DROP AND GET OFF YOUR INCREIBLE FEMALE TEST!

JESUS SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD

JESUS CHRIST
ON HIS RETURN
TO EARTH TO
REWARD THE JUST
AND PUNISH THE
UNJUST FINDS
HE HAS BEEN
REVERED
BY PERFECT
BY THE WORLD'S
LEADERS WHO
HAVE ALREADY
PLANNED THE
EARTH TO
DESTROY IT!





WOULD IT BE TOO MUCH OF A FAVOR TO ASK YOU TO HELP ME REASSEMBLE THE EARTH?

IT HARDLY SEEMS WORTH IT, BUT I GUESS I'LL HELP YOU

WHERE DO WE START?

FIRST WE COLLECT ALL THE PIECES AND SORT THEM OUT, AN H-BOMB COULDN'T BLOW THEM VERY FAR SO THE PIECES OUGHT TO BE IN THIS GENERAL VICINITY!

A LOT OF THEM SHOULD BE ORBITING AROUND THE MOON AND MARS, SO YOU MIGHT HUNT THERE FIRST!

OKAY

HERE'S A BUNCH OF DEBRIS I FOUND, BUT HOW'RE WE GOING TO TELL WHAT IS AUTHENTIC TERRA FIRMA AND WHAT'S JUST SPACE CRAP?

WE MUST SMELL EACH PIECE!

NO QUESTION ABOUT THIS STUFF!

THE REAL MCCOY!

WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK

STINK! STINK! STINK!

LATER

BOY! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF STUFF HERE! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO KNOW WHEN OR IF WE HAVE IT ALL?

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO START PUTTING IT TOGETHER AND SEE WHAT'S MISSING!

REMEMBER! HOT PIECES ON THE INSIDE!

THIS IS WEARING ME OUT! I DON'T MIND BASHING STUFF AND PUSHING HEAVY ROCKS AROUND...

BUT THIS TAKES THINKING !!

MY SENSE OF DIRECTION NEVER WAS THAT HOT

I USTA DEPEND ON MY SUPER VISION TO READ HIGHWAY SIGNS!

I NEVER COULD GET THOSE DAMN ISLANDS STRAIGHT



IS NATCHITOCES IN TEXAS OR HAWAII?
HOW HIGH IS YOSEMITE FALLS SUPPOSED TO BE?
WHERE IS THE BOUNDARY OF POLAND THESE DAYS?

AND WHERE DO ALL THESE NEW SIBERIAN CITIES GO?

AND JESUS! WHAT DO I DO WITH ALL THESE EXTRA PYRAMIDS? DO THEY GO IN EGYPT? OR MEXICO? OR TIBET OR INDIANA?

AND THESE SOGGY ANCIENT RUINS WHAT OCEAN AM I GOING TO PUT THEM IN? I WOULDN'T WANT TO MAKE ANYBODY MAD?

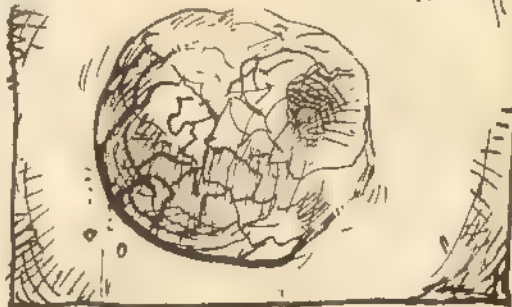


JUST DO THE BEST YOU CAN. WE CAN JUGGLE IT AROUND LATER.

BUT HEY! THIS IS A BUNCH OF SHIT HERE! YOU'VE GOT CLEVELAND WHERE THE ITALIAN RIVIERA OUGHT TO BE!

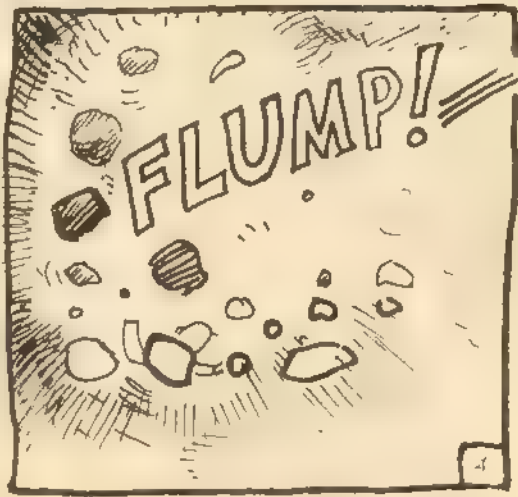
MUCH LATER

THAT'S NOT SO BAD!



WHAT'S THAT!

WHISSSSSS!



GOD DAMN IT! I GUESS
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GLUE
THE FRIGGIN' THING TOGETHER!

I WANTED TO
WEDGE IT UP!
BUT I DIDN'T
RECKON ON THOSE
FLYIN' METEATORS

WHAT
A PAIN
IN THE
ASS!



WE'RE GOING TO
NUMBER THE PARTS
THIS TIME! SO IT
WON'T BE SO HARD
TO GET IT BACK TO-
GETHER NEXT TIME
THIS HAPPENS!

LET'S SEE NOW!
HOW'RE WE
GOING TO DO
THIS. WE'LL NEED
SOME SORT OF ORDER.

360° CIRCUMFERENCE
OF THE EARTH, BUT THAT'S
NOT THREE DIMENSIONAL
!!!



I SEEM TO RECALL THAT THE
EQUATOR IS ABOUT 25000
MILES. IF WE DIVIDED THAT
BY 360 DEGREES WE'D HAVE
A BASIC DEGREE SECTION OF
ABOUT 70 MILES LATERALLY,
TAPERING SLIGHTLY NORTH AND
SOUTH. THAT COULD BE OUR
BASIC MEASURING SECTION!
TO GET SURFACE AREA...
DO I REMEMBER MY EUCLID...
MULTIPLY $360^\circ \times 360$ TO GET
TOTAL SURFACE DEGREES;
MULTIPLY 32,400 DEGREES
BY 70 TO GET TOTAL SQUARE
MILES ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE.
THAT SOUNDS RIGHT. THEN WE
NUMBER EACH SQUARE, AND
PROJECT STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE
CENTER OF THE EARTH, SUB-
DIVIDING EVERY 10 MILES TO
KEEP THINGS SQUARE, AND ASSIGN-
ING EACH SECTION OF INTERIOR AN
ALPHABET CODE. FRAGMENTS
SMALLER THAN 10 SQUARE MILES
GET ASSIGNED ADDITIONAL
CODE NUMBERS. LARGER
PIECES CARRY SEVERAL DESIGNA-
TIONS!

GOSH!
HOW'D YOU
LEARN TO WORK
STORY PROBLEMS?
EDUCATED AS YOU
WERE BEFORE THE
AGE OF TECHNOLOGICAL
AGE?

F I DON'T
TRY TOO HARD
I'M OMNI-
POTENT!

THE ONES ABOUT
THE TRAINS ALWAYS
THREW ME!

YOU MAY BE TRYING TO
HARD. I REMEMBER SOME
STUFF ABOUT SPHERICAL
DEGREES YOU GET FROM
TAKING 90° SECTIONS ON
A SPHERE. I THINK 32,400
IS TOO MANY, SEEMS TO ME
LIKE THERE ARE ONLY 720.

AH,
YES!

I ALSO SEEM TO REMEMBER
A DIFFERENT FORMULA FOR
GETTING THE AREA OF A
SPHERE.

INDEED!

FROM A
GEOMETRY
BOOK, NOW
BLOWN TO
SHIT...

$$S = 4\pi r^2$$

WHAT'S
"S" STAND FOR?

WHY...
"SURFACE!"
OR IS IT
"SPHERE"?

"I" IS RADIUS,
I'M SURE

AND π ?

THAT'S π !
THE 16TH LETTER
OF THE GREEK
ALPHABET! THE
KEY TO THE RATIO
OF THE CIRCLE!
IT'S 3.1...SR...
THREE POINT...
ONE... HMM!
YOU MUST NOT BE
VERY OMNI-
POTENT!

WHERE
ARE
WE
GOING TO
GET
ANY
GLUE?

I'LL WORRY
ABOUT THAT!
YOU JUST KEEP
AN EYE PEELED
FOR APPROACHING
METEORS!



QUITE AWHILE LATER

WHEW!

A FEW
PIECES ARE
MISSING,
BUT THEY'LL
TURN UP
!!!

WACK

SOMETHINGS WRONG
THIS DIDNT HAPPEN
BEFORE!

YEH! THE
METEORS
USED TO
BURN UP IN
THE ATMOS-
PHERE!
WHY NOT
NOW?

NO
ATMOSPHERE!

IT GOT
BLASTED
AWAY TOO!

WHAT'RE
WE GONNA
DO?

CANT ZOOM
AROUND THE
UNIVERSE TRY-
ING TO FIND
A BILLION
SQUARE MILE-
OF DISPAIRED
ATMOSPHERE!
ITD TAKE A
MILLION
YEARS!!

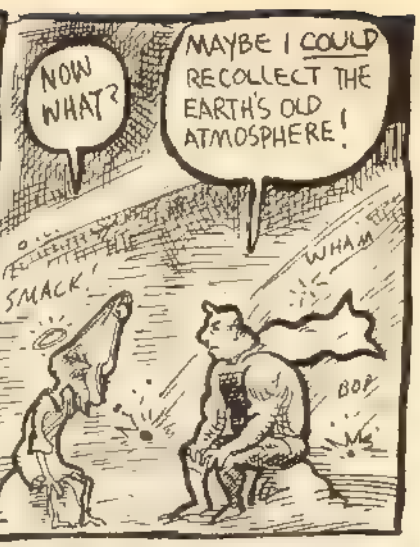
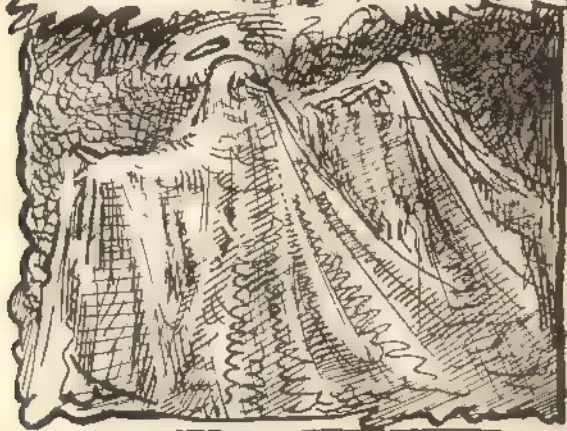
BUT I'LL TRY
ONE MORE
THING! I'LL
STEAL VENUS'
ATMOSPHERE!
FART HEATE
ASPER-
VACUUM
THERMALLY
AAS PLK
AAS PLK
AAS PLK

suck!

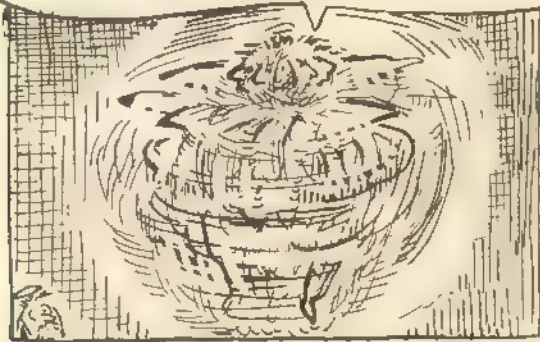
SPLOCK!

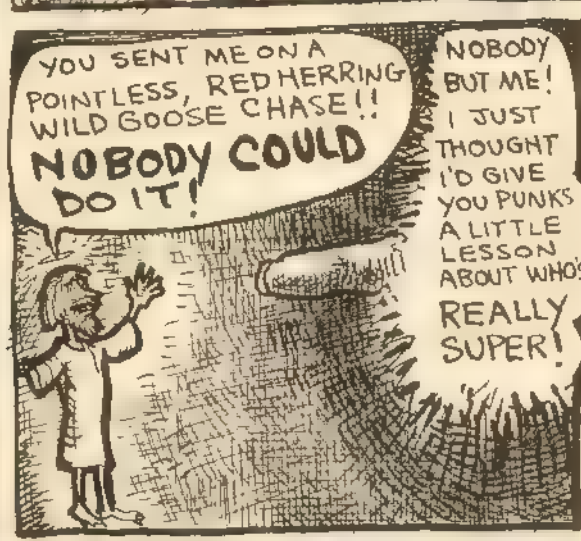
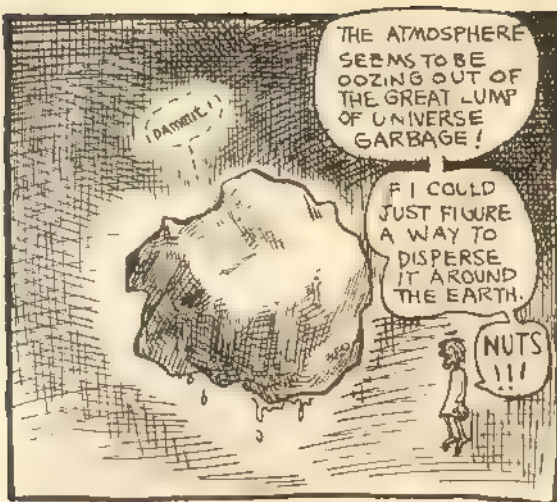
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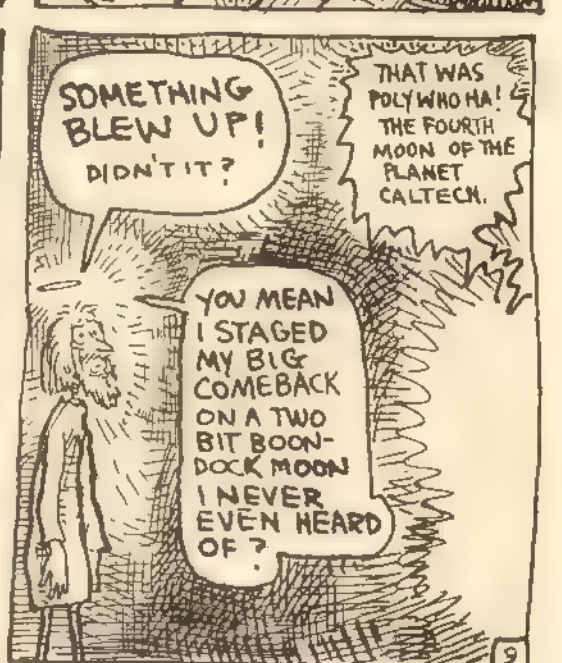
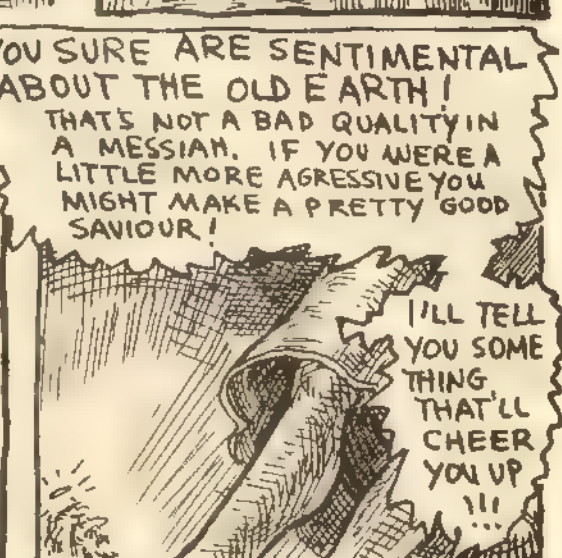
YOU CAN'T BREATHE THIS STUFF! IT'S PLASTIC!



I'LL TURN MYSELF INTO A COLOSSAL ELECTRO MAGNET WHICH ATTRACTS FROM FANTASTIC DISTANCES THE VAPORS AND PARTICLES WHICH ONCE CONSTITUTED THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE... I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING! THIS IS THE LAST I EVER DO FOR THIS STINKIN' PLANET!







DON'T TELL ME THEY HAVE THE BOMB ON POLYWHOA!

ANOTHER AMERICAN SPACE TRIUMPH!

NEWSPAPERS, APPLE CORES, HIWAY SIGNS?

PYRAMIDS, PAVED ROADS?

YEH! WHAT WAS SOUPER MAN DOING OUT THERE?

SPACE AGE GARBAGE DISPOSAL

YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU MAY FIND THOSE THINGS!

DO YOU WANT THE EARTH TO BE BLOWN UP!

OF COURSE NOT!

THEN DON'T PRESS ME FOR ANSWERS!

YOU MADE ALL THIS UP, DIDN'T YOU?

WHY NOT? I MADE IT ALL UP TO BEGIN WITH!

WELL, WHERE IS THE EARTH NOW?

IT'S THE LITTLE BLUE STAR, THIRD FROM THE LEFT!

THAT'S A LOAD OFF MY MIND !!!

BACK TO BUSINESS

IT'S A BIRD!

BEFORE I DO ANYTHING DRASTIC I THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND A BIT!

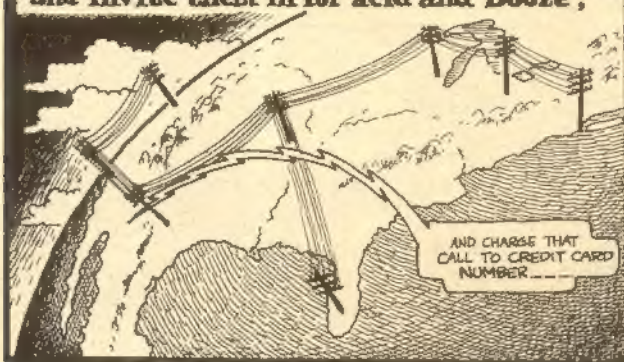
If I should DIE
fore the REST of you should,



Just nail my bod
in a box of wood;



Tell my friends the terrible news,
and invite them in for acid and booze;



You can prop me up by the stereo
and play the music as loud as it'll go;



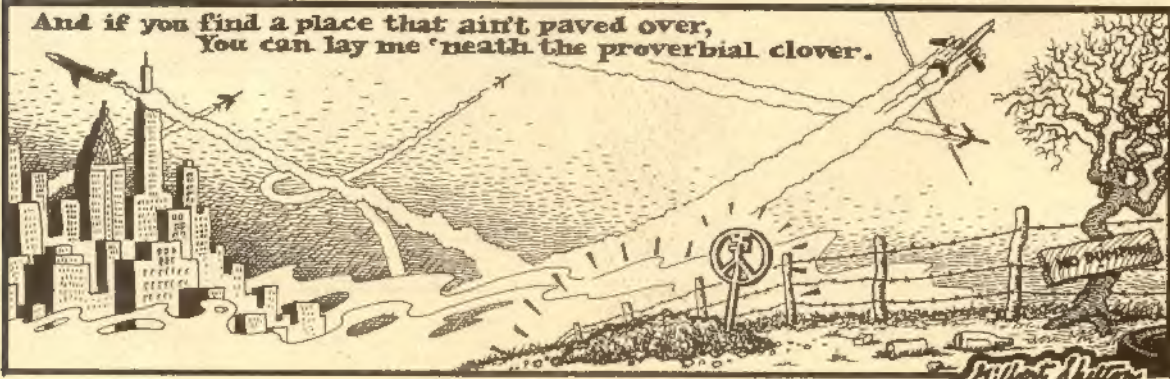
You can get fucked up 'til the rising sun,
and then it's time for the funeral run;



We'll go down the street in second gear,
in a panel truck with a Keg of beer;



And if you find a place that ain't paved over,
You can lay me 'neath the proverbial clover.



Gilbert Shelton



THE LUCKY ONES, YET UNDISCOVERED, REACHED STAGES OF PARANOIA SO INTENSE THEY WOULD KILL ANYONE ON SIGHT, TO PROTECT THEIR LAST BIT OF FOOD, OR WOULD SIMPLY STARE INTO SPACE...

A FEW SURVIVORS STILL REMAINED IN THE SMOLDERING RUINS AND WERE TRACKED DOWN BY THE Z SQUAD...



THE MORE ATTRACTIVE FEMALE SURVIVORS WERE CAPTURED AND WERE AT THE MERCY OF THE TWISTED WHIMS OF THE UPPER ECHELON Z SQUAD OFFICERS. TORTURE AND LUST...



MUTATIONS WERE STUDIED BY Z SQUAD TECHNO-SCIENTISTS. EXPERIMENTS WERE PERFORMED. PRISONERS EXECUTED. QUESTIONS ASKED...



SUDDENLY, IN THE FAR NORTHERN CORNER OF AREA 4711B, Z SQUAD SENTRY'S EXPLODED INTO GAS, SHRIEL SOUNDS SPLIT THE AIR...



WONDER WART-HOG SAYS:
THIS IS SUPPOSED
TO BE A
FREE COUNTRY!!

DO WHATCHA
WANTA DO!



Ed